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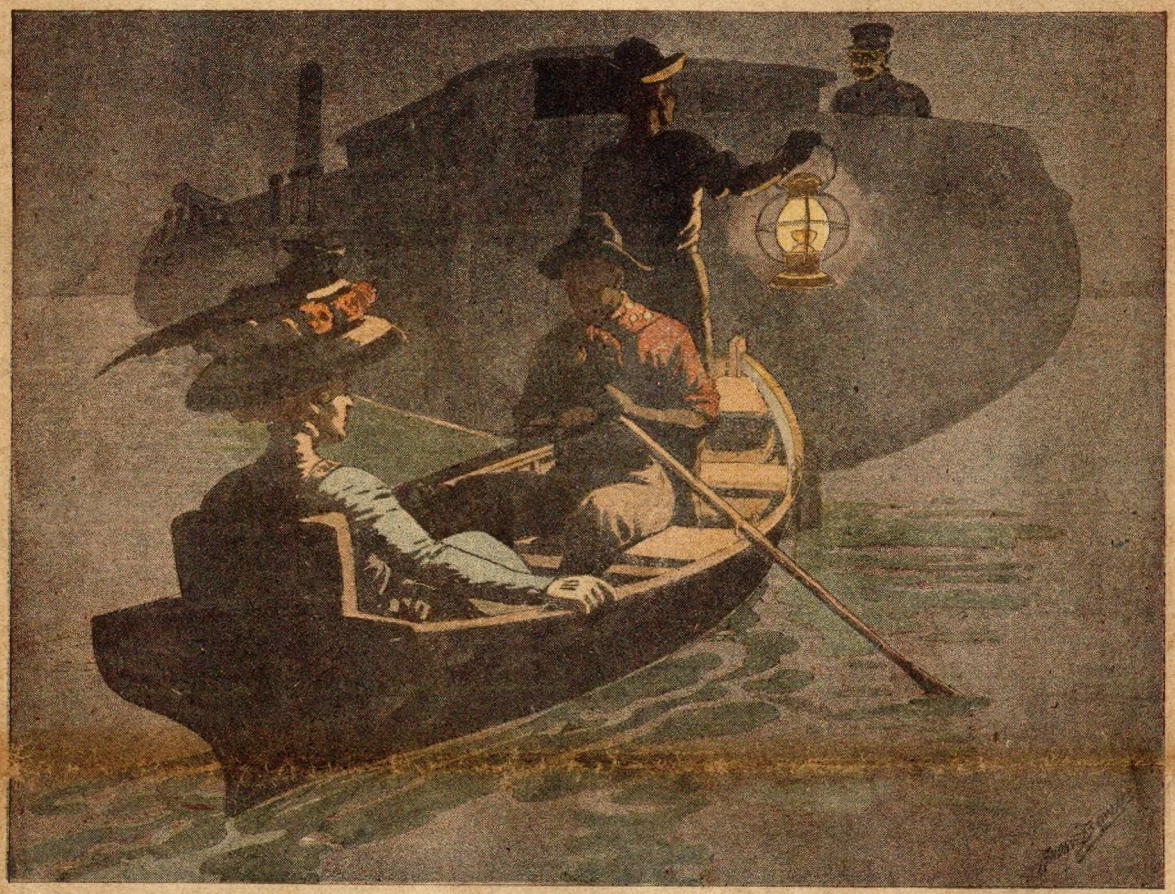

The Stolen White House;

Or, THE PRESIDENT'S RIVAL

By WILLIAM H. MANNING

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CHAPTER I.

STRANGELY SNARED.

COLGRAVE paused in his brisk walk and gazed at the imposing edifice that stretched its abundant length along the grounds by the way. It happened that no sign of life was then visible close at hand, and his regard passed the grounds by and held fast to the building.

"Ten years since I've seen Washington last," he mused, "but here is one thing nobody ever forgets. It's the White House, the home of the President of the United States, the heart which sends all the lifeblood into the diplomacy of the country, and which is at this moment conducting the war with Spain. My boyish eyes were sharp when I went through the accessible parts, and I remember well. Yes, that's the White House. Well, I've no business to transact there, and I'm never likely to have."

He resumed his way, thinking of the business he had elsewhere.

"I wonder," he further mused, "if they will know me. I've changed a whole lot since the boyish days."

It was not strange that he had changed. Seven of the ten years had been passed either on a ranch in New Mexico or in the gold mines, and he had developed into a shapely person with a supply of well-laid muscle such as few Washingtonians could boast. At the end of his career at roughing it he had a skin almost Indian-like in its brown hue, but the last year, having been devoted to work as a hotel-clerk in Galveston, had cleared his complexion until he could easily pass for a city man.

Irad Colgrave, his father, had been a pioneer, going from the capital to the West and thereafter visiting his old home but once. He had died in Texas, shouldered away from prosperity by reverses, and his son inherited little and expected no more. It was while he was in the hotel that he met with his first surprise.

A traveler registered under a name familiar to the clerk, and inquiry had developed the fact that they were boyhood friends for a few weeks during Washington days. Then came the surprise. The traveler told Colgrave that his grandfather, Simon Starwake, had died, leaving a fortune of three hundred thousand dollars, to one-third of which Colgrave was heir in the right of his mother.

The impression prevailed that Jason and Luke, the two sons of the dead man, had attempted to locate their nephew and failed. However that was, Colgrave heard news, and he became interested in his third. Writing to his elder uncle that he would be in Washington on a certain day, and, with precision common to him, specifying the very train, he had started without waiting for a reply.

Now, the train had arrived, and on time, and, with the evening air beating gently but damply upon his face, and with clouds of fog circling around the lights as if in strife, he was making his way toward the old Starwake mansion.

"Possibly they no longer live there," he thought, "but I will try the familiar quarter first. Maybe I should arrive in a carriage, being heir to a fortune, and all that flummery. Uncle Jason was a social lion, too, I remember, but he will probably put pride aside to greet his long-missing nephew."

This brought a new idea. Himself thoroughly honest and direct in his methods, he had never questioned that he would be cordially received, but, suddenly, his blood took on a flow unlike that of border days, and a doubt arose.

"I'm coming to claim one-third of grandfather's estate. Will my uncles bid me welcome. Or would they prefer to hang on to all the cash? I reckon it's all right; they are themselves richer than their father ever was, and my mother was their sister. Why, yes, it's all right."

Growing cheerful under his own encouragement he turned into the street where the old mansion had been in his day. Advancing he saw few signs of change. Spacious ground and large houses were in a row, and—now he was come to the Starwake property, which was a corner lot. As far as he could see ten years had As far as he could see ten years had passed like ten days. The same lawns, the same trees, the same huge building—everything seemed to be there except Simon Starwake.

Colgrave opened the gate and walked lightly along the graveled way. The hour was only nine, and lights shone here and there. The hall was hardly bright, but a light was there, and he briskly ascended the steps and rang at the door.

Yes, all was as in former days. The vestibule was there, a dark blotch between the outer air and the hall. He remembered that it had always been a forbidding place to him as a boy, but this was forgotten as his summons was answered. A servant was before him, a robust man in uniform, and his standing appeared so certain that the caller passed by the fact that his face was unprepossessing and came promptly to business.

"Mr. Jason Starwake in?" he asked easily.

"I think so, sir," was the reply.

"I want to see him. He expects me, but here is my card."

So saying Colgrave held out the pasteboard and the man in buttons took it readily. Having done so he read what was upon it.

"Mr. John Colgrave?" he murmured. "The card tells the truth, for I'm Colgrave. That is all the reading matter I can give you just now—"

The sentence was never finished. A slight stir had been audible in the vestibule, and now a web-like thing settled upon Colgrave's head. It reminded him of his ranch days and the feel of a clinging blanket, but he had no time to pursue idle impressions. As the web

enmeshed him fully he found rough hands added to it, hands that pinioned his arms to his body and snared him completely.

Remarkable as this matter was, one accustomed to a city might possibly have worried up a surmise that a very bad jest lay back of it all. Colgrave had no such impression. Knowing what such treatment would mean in his home section, he gave it like attention here. Satisfied that he was attacked in hostility, his strong nature rose to meet the situation.

Starting promptly he brought his muscle into action and tried to break away. He was a human volcano then, and affairs took on a warm tint, but he was horribly at a disadvantage. Wrapped in the blanket, he was, as was soon made clear, a single man against several. Arms were abundant, and all were twined around the netted man. He swelled the blanket into convulsions, he gave many a lunge with fist and elbow, he drove the pack back and forth roughly, but the heavily carpeted floor largely deadened sounds of the struggle and, what was worse, he could not break away.

It was over at last, and he found himself tied about with ropes, a helpless prisoner.

It was a startling home-coming. Where he looked for friendly welcome he had found violence, and he was shrewd enough to understand in part. The place of the assault told its story clearly, and he could not fail to realize that Jason Starwake was in the plot. Outside man-trappers would never select the Starwake house for their field of action.

These trappers made no mistake in their next move. They groaned, growled and breathed heavily, but they acted with celerity. Colgrave was picked up bodily, swung upon their shoulders like a sack of meal, and carried from the house.

At that juncture he endeavored to break the spell of ill luck by shouting for help, but after the first cry it was over with, for a hand sought his mouth and pressed the blanket tightly against it. Then he was thrust into a carriage and the beating of a horse's feet was followed by departure from the grounds.

For half an hour they drove, but where Colgrave did not know, the pressing of the blanket against his mouth, although not constant, made breathing difficult, so difficult that suffocation constantly threatened him. The kidnaping was a success, and it bade fair to develop into a tragedy.

When the carriage stopped he was pulled out roughly. The blade of a knife skimmed across his face and he discovered that a wide slit had been cut in the blanket before his eyes.

"Breathe!" directed a cold, harsh voice.

He breathed. He drew in the air that had been previously almost denied him, inhaling in greedy gasps. The current flowed down to his convulsed complaining lungs, giving food to the stream of life. He had hovered on the brink of death, but had come.

From the beginning his mind had been clear and attentive. In the wild places of the West he had found savage men and savage beasts, and this was like a leaf out of the book of past days. If bonds rendered him helpless, he had coolness with him, and the ability to use his mind and his eyes.

When free from the danger of suffocation he looked and studied. He was near the banks of a large river, a stream that traveled sluggishly past, its face wreathed in fog. No light and no motion was visible there. By his side were four men, sturdy fellows notable alike for hats that were low over their faces and for hands that clutched suspicious-looking objects. Plainly, revolvers were ready to reap a disastrous harvest if Colgrave ventured too far for their plans.

"Be silent!" added the previous speaker.

"Can I do anything to oblige you!" demanded the prisoner, with bitter sarcasm.

"No. We will do the rest."

"And that is—what?"

"Wait and see."

"Why am I treated like this?"

"Not to oblige you, but ourselves."

"Is Jason Starwake here?"

"You can call the roll if you like, but do it mighty softly. You stand at the parting of two roads—shout and die, or remain still and live. Understand, we mean business."

"Why? What do you want of me?"

"This is not an information bureau. Now, sir, I have tried to let you see things as they are, and I trust I shall not need to repeat. Be still or die!"

It was a grim voice, and the prisoner did not doubt that an equally grim face kept it company, but he matched his foe in that respect. It was no quivering coward that stood enmeshed in the blanket. He was snared, borne away and under threat, but it was no worse than life in the wild reaches of the West. Accustomed to such events, he held his composure, looked, studied and waited. For what? He did not know, but hoped his own chance would come.

He who had done the talking suddenly made a gesture and the party moved toward the river. Colgrave became aware that a boat was lifting sluggishly by the bank, and he was unceremoniously bundled into it. All hands but himself moved quickly, and two of the party soon had hold of the oars. Another person took position in the stern, and only the spokesman remained on the bank. He waved his hand sharply to the third man.

"Remember!" he cautioned.

"I will," was the reply.

"Say it to yourself, often. There must be no misdeal."

"There will be none."

"Then go. Oars!"

The blades took water and the boat was off. But whither, and why?

CHAPTER II.

THE WRECK.

Colgrave sat in the bottom of the boat—bound, helpless, angry, and yet with his wits fully with him. Great was his surprise that such a thing should happen in the city of Washington, but it had happened and he was a victim of the affair. In Texas such a beginning usually meant a sudden taking-off from life, a pistol-shot and death. Judging the present by the past he had a clear idea of what his captors would do, unless something happened to prevent.

Bold, resourceful and full of fight, his mind was reaching out for that one something, but his abilities were limited while the ropes held him tight. He gazed into the fog and, seeing nothing, turned to the new leader.

"How far?" he asked briefly.

"Wait and see," was the morose response.

"Can't you see I am waiting?"

"Clearly. I'm waiting, too. I have a revolver in my hand and its lungs are full of bullets. It is harmless unless I pull the trigger."

"The other man said something about that. Let's call it done. Next, what are you going to do with me?"

"Our talking man has left. All I've got to say is to warn you not to call for help, for if you do I'll shoot. Now, close your mouth and keep it so."

"Rubbish!"

Colgrave knew men, their voices and their ways. In part, he knew this particular party of men. They were not bluffing, and they would do precisely what they said. He might have reason to believe that call for help would reach honest men, but if he called his life would pay the penalty. Not wishing to die, he would not call, but—what then? What was he to do?

He cautiously tested his bonds. Possibly they were not tied in orthodox Texas style, but they felt all too firm to please him. Another matter vexed him sorely. His hands were free from bonds, but they were held to his side and inside the blanket, while the knots of the ropes were outside.

Again, what was he to do?

From the beginning he had entertained one hope, and it seemed to be a solitary one. A knife was needed to sever the ropes, and he had one in his trouser's pocket; not a healthy, full-grown Texas knife, but something that would do a good deed if he could secure it. His brain had spoken to his right hand and conveyed the information that that member had all the responsibility upon it. Definite directions had been given that that hand should make its way to the pocket and act as was necessary, and the hand had not turned away from the trust.

Slowly, patiently, almost hopelessly, but yet with stubborn zeal, the hand was trying. At first it looked like an impossibility, but the pressure of the ropes and blanket was lessened by the indrawing of stomach and every helpful muscle, and the hand would have been active had it not been for the arm above it. Unfortunately, Colgrave might draw in his breath vigorously, but his ribs would not liberate his elbow as desired. Still, slowly, very slowly, the pressure relaxed, and as the elbow slipped the hand crept nearer the pocket. If it could get there, a dangerous harvest if Colgrave ventured too far for their plans.

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One of the oarsmen, after a look over his shoulder, addressed his fellow villain in the stern.

"Can you make sure of your way in this fog?" he asked.

"I'll try to do it."

"It is like a stonewall, and there is no sound to guide us."

"I'm steering. Your part is to row," was the curt reminder.

"I don't want to run into any confounded mess, you see, and I—"

"Silence!"

"But if we miss the hulk—"

"Be still, or I'll hammer you over the head. Not another word!"

"See here!" cried the objector angrily. "I'm no dog of yours to be snarled at. No, and I don't see you hammering my head, neither. With this oar in my fist I reckon I can do some hammering, myself—"

He raised the blade as he sullenly growled these words, and as his mate continued to pull the boat swung from her course and hung awkwardly across stream. The man in the stern uttered a curse, but before the altercation could go further there was a new and startling turn to events.

Out of the darkness came a snapping, beating sound, and then something else. Into the white of the fog came white of another hue and the sails of a boat four times their size loomed above them while the cutwater wave bubbled under their side. Shouts sounded on both sides, but the inevitable happened. The larger crashed and went over. All hands were flung out, and as the sailing vessel plowed on it had its victims under its prow. The kidnapers had gone with free hands, prepared, if not already crushed to death, to swim for their lives. But what of their prisoner?

There was utter recklessness or liquor-madness abroad the sailing craft and it moved calmly on its way, no canvas being lowered nor stop made to see the result of the collision. What was left behind?

One man, at least, was swimming there, moving calmly, deliberately, his hands taking water as if nothing wrong were afoot. The man was Colgrave.

The quarrel in the boat had been his salvation. While his captors talked he had acted, and, fortunately, had been near the finish of his scheme. He had secured his knife and contrived to open it, and then the blade had gone through the blanket, found the ropes and made the necessary slash. He had still been partly encumbered by the blanket when the row-boat went over, and there had been a period of vital peril, a time when he struggled for life, but the stuff had fallen clear and he was left to swim.

He swam, but where? He did not know. The wrecker vanished in the fog, and only the flow of the river showed him the general course. His first idea had been to return to the shore so lately left, but the boiling wake was troublesome, and he remembered that his enemies were there. He decided to make for the opposite shore. Having reached that point he could take time to think of the past and plan for the future.

Thick as the fog was, he felt, rather than knew, that he was nearing land when the splashing of oars sounded directly in his course. He stayed his progress, and barely moving his limbs, waited. The dipping was slow, but the boat was approaching, and, though it might hold the most honest of men, the possibility that it was manned by allies of his late captors made him wary.

Acting promptly, he sank and began swimming under water. It was familiar exercise, but soon found that he was not at his best. The fight with the mingled difficulties when the collision occurred had taxed his endurance, and strength and breath failed him quicker than usual under like circumstances.

Rising, he found himself wishing that land was at hand. That old friend of man was lacking, but he saw a dark shape rising above him and recognized the outline of a small vessel. No light was visible, but that was the more to his taste; he had a place for resting. Groping with his hands he found a dangling rope, climbed, and gained the deck. No light was there, and no sign of life at that moment.

He was an indifferent sailor, his only deep-water experience having been gained of late near Galveston, but, in spite of the darkness, he was speedily convinced that he was aboard a wreck. The off-shore bulwark was broken, the deck was a litter of trivial things, and the single mast had a crook that smacked of decay.

"An old schooner given over to neglect," he mused, "abandoned, minus crew, and rotting on the shore. Just the place for a brief stay. Let me think."

He found a box and sat down. His strength was returning readily, but it impressed him as something decidedly wrong that the heir of a hundred thousand dollars should sit there with water running in rivulets from his muddy clothing. He had come back to Washington, and this was his reception.

What next? He no longer aspired to walk to Jason Starwake's door, ring the bell and walk in with a smiling accent. The most pressing need was to care for his life. He felt able to do it, but, as he knew no person in Washington to whom he could apply for aid, it was necessary to lay his plans anew.

"There are two ways," he thought. "One is to go to a hotel and enter with my clothing in front of people, which would arouse undue attention, and the other is to lie low a bit. I favor the latter course. It is in my mind to make Jason Starwake repent of his deeds of this night most thoroughly, and I like a still hunt when I'm on the warpath. What's to be done?"

His gaze wandered and he saw a light. A pale yellow spot was dancing in the fog some fathoms outboard. If he had been unable to understand its peculiar motion he would have been enlightened by the sound of oars.

"A boat! Now, then, what is it, and who?"

It came nearer, and a hail followed.

"Hallo, dar!"

It was a very unsailor-like call, and the thickness of utterance betrayed a negro tongue.

"Hallo, you vessel dar. Speak out!"

Colgrave smiled. He had no intention of making answer, and he believed himself the only person aboard. Great was his surprise, therefore, when a man rose not over twenty feet distant.

"Hallo, yourself!" he replied, his speech surly and low.

"I say, you, where am we? We tried to cross the ribber, an' we got lost most powerful. Be you layin' cross-stream, or up an' down?"

"Don't you know enough to take notice of the way the water runs?" demanded Colgrave's neighbor.

"The current is powerful deceptive hyer, boss, an' we want to land in the right place. Jest see hyer, boss!"

The light, a lantern, had been low in the boat and, as was now proved, partly hidden by the rising side, but the negro shifted his hand lifted the light and threw his immediate vicinity into clear view. Two colored men and a young lady occupied the craft.

Colgrave looked in wonder. The boat was now near, perhaps hazardously near, and even the fog could not bathe the light. It showed the negroes to be trim fellows but radically black, and they made the whiteness of their companion all the more impressive. She was a slender, dainty-looking lady, and of aristocratic appearance.

The negro stood erect and the boat still drifted forward.

"We has been over to ol' Varginny," he explained, "an' my young misses has been visitin' there, but love yer we find it right smart hard to pick our way back in the fog. Tell us how we are situated, anyhow. This here lady is Miss Marcia Starwake—"

The feminine head came up with a quick toss and his voice died away. Clearly, he had been silenced by a command.

Colgrave had moved silently to the bulwark, and though himself invisible, he was now staring with keen interest. Jason Starwake had an adopted daughter, Marcia, and he knew he was looking at her. Under different circumstances he might have been prompt to call and claim relationship, but he did not forget what had occurred to him that night in Jason's house. He held his peace.

"Get your oars to work!" growled the other man on deck. "Can't you see you are drifting into us? You will be overturned, you fool! The way to your landing is a hundred yards up-stream. Drop that light, you black knave, and get to pulling for life!"

The order was imperious, and it was evident that the young lady was also having something to say. The boatman dropped the lantern, seized his oar again, and between his efforts and his mate's strenuous tugs the little craft was carried clear. The unknown man grew more gracious and added plainer directions, and the negroes rowed away into the fog.

Colgrave was in the midst of a fresh surprise. He remembered Marcia well, and though the lapse of time had made her a woman, instead of the child of his former days in Washington, he had expected her to figure somehow in his home-coming, but the way of the first seeing her was certainly not expected. Unless the gloom had deceived him she was a comely miss, and he was disgusted that her adopted father should muddle matters by making war upon him.

His attention came back to nearer conditions as his deck-companion began to mutter in surly discontent. Probably he had been napping when Colgrave boarded, for he seemed to have no suspicion of his presence. Constant to his plan of acting with secrecy the young man was thinking of dropping quietly overboard when steps sounded at another quarter and somebody appeared at the companion-way.

"What's wrong here?" he demanded curtly.

"Nothing, only a boat hailed me," replied the lookout.

"Police?"

"No sir. Two darkies and——"

"Did they want to board us?"

"No, sir. Only wanted their bearings."

"Did they show no inquisitiveness?"

"Not a bit."

"And they went away readily?"

"Oh, yes, sir. You see, they had a girl with them, homeward bound from Virginia, and——"

"All right, then, but see to it that you keep a sharp watch, and if anybody tries to board us do you call for our party below. I don't suppose"—the man at the head of the stairs paused and seemed to meditate, after which he added—"I don't suppose there is the slightest danger that any Government spies are afoot, but we are doing too important business below to risk interruption. Our conference deals with the destinies of two nations, and you know—well, when I started up to investigate, just now, Mr. Jason Starwake told me that if anybody was prowling about I was to shoot him. Keep your eyes open!"

He ceased speaking and turning back, passed down the companion-way.

Colgrave looked after him in astonishment. He had heard something which took the old schooner out of the realm of the ordinary.

Jason Starwake was below. This was surprising, but there was more. A secret meeting was going forward there, and it was alleged to deal with the destiny of two nations. A good deal was to be surmised from that fact. Clearly, one of the nations must be the United States, and as it was not necessary for that country to hold importan conferences in an old craft at the outskirts of the capital city, it followed that the meeting must be hostile to the powers at Washington.

And Jason Starwake was there!

Jason's nephew became a new man then and there. In a flash he resolved to go below, to see and hear the plotters, and to fight Jason as Jason had fought him. Having decided, he started.

CHAPTER III.

THE GREAT PLOT.

Colgrave was grimly resolved to make his mark before leaving the schooner. Although not an enthusiast, he had the

patriotism of the average man, and if trouble were brewing for the United States he wanted to learn the fact and baffle the schemers. This was something, but his personal zeal outstripped all else. Jason Starwake had used him shamefully, and put his life in danger even if, as were possible, he had not intended to murder him, and the younger man thirsted for revenge.

If Starwake were hatching mischief below decks he would hear the plot and frustrate it. That was the way Colgrave planned, but planners sometimes discover that they have started to tackle a breeze and grappled with a tornado. Making his way to the head of the companion he found darkness as far as his eyes then served him, but he tiptoed down the steps and was pleased to learn that the lookout failed to see or hear him. From that time he gave all his attention to the persons below.

He expected to locate the ship's cabin directly beyond the foot of the stair, but when he arrived his softly-investigating hand found only a solid wall of wood. It did not take him long to learn that the usual way was boarded up, nor much longer to discover that the further course was by a side-passage. Clearly, the schooner had, in part, been transformed below since she went out of commission.

At the side was a door and he opened it and went beyond. Here he found a narrow passage, with three distinct ways, each with a separate door. One of these doors was open, and from it a dim light struggled into the passage. Voices sounded whence it came, and Colgrave knew the cabin was there. He was ambitious to look within, but it took hardihood to advance and secure the view. With nothing to conceal him, it was to invite sure discovery, and he was not bent on suicide.

One way only was left for him. The middle door might possibly connect with the staterooms, and he was sailor enough to feel that it was his sole chance. He crossed light-footed, passed the door and found himself as he had hoped, but the little room was in total darkness except for the band of light that shone in, sword-like, from a half-open transom. It was his chance, and he improved it. Finding a chair he placed it and presently his head was rising toward the transom. Then he saw the cabin.

Five men were there, grouped at the table built around the foot of the mast. Each was like his fellows in that all were well-dressed and substantial-appearing, that all were in middle-life, and that all had strong and daring faces. If they really were conspirators they were of good social timber.

One man quickly held Colgrave's attention, for he recognized Jason Starwake. Time had dealt kindly with his uncle, and, besides being well preserved, he looked fit to conduct the affairs of a bank or to head any other business undertaking. His was not an ill face, outwardly, but no thrill of admiration bubbled up in Colgrave's heart. He remembered the events of the night.

They were speaking, and the first remark interested the spy.

"Our leader is late," said one substantial men.

"He will not keep us here long," replied Jason.

"In the meanwhile, Starwake, why not tell Black and myself just how we are to strike?"

"That is for our leader to tell. It is his secret."

"We know the general drift of things, but Adam Smith takes too much time to uncover details. Adam Smith! I wonder what his name really is."

"Ten to one you never know," interrupted a new speaker. "I have been studying him, but I admit that I don't even know his nationality. He speaks English, French and German fluently—that I know, and he might be any of the three or neither. Adam Smith! Fictitious, of course, and I don't believe he was born in America."

"He's got the American snap," said Starwake, smiling. "Events get to going when he waves his hand and rolls his tongue. He has us all in this scheme, and that's more than any other living man could do. As I look at it," and the speaker grew deeply serious, "he is a combination of Napoleon, Richelieu, Monte Carlo and a few others. He has the ability to weave the web of destiny without the help of Destiny, herself——"

"Hark! Footsteps!"

"In the companion-way! Our leader has come!"

They rose with dignified excitement, while the spy near the transom was not less eager. He had grown intensely interested in this secret band. The worldly prominence of its members, the strange place of their meeting, the hints he had heard dropped—these points drove all his mind and claimed attention far beyond the common. Better than all the rest a meeting was about to take place and he would hear what was said, unless he was detected.

Unless he were detected! In that possibility lurked a dark suggestion, and, if compelled to flee rapidly, he could not go without running the gantlet. Possibly too, both doors out might be guarded by enemies and himself killed like a cornered rat.

If he were detected! He longed for a revolver or knife, but even the trivial concern with which he had cut his bonds had been lost in the river. Better for him indeed if he were not detected.

Starwake advanced to the foot of the companion and a meeting occurred with somebody, after which the fresh arrival entered and was greeted as Mr. Smith. He was not unlike his predecessors, having the same business air and exterior, but it might be that he veiled something under his composed face. He greeted each man with calm cordiality, after which seats were resumed. Mr. Smith glanced at his watch.

"Gentlemen," he then said briskly, "I am on my way to Chicago, and I have no time to lose. Let's to business! I have seen all of you several times, and we need no feelings about in the dark. I am to tell you more than some of you know now, Starwake and Ward know. Mr. Tripp, I am about to tell you and Black and Steele. You understand the general business of our society."

"To end war."

"How? By general peace? No! By destructive engines of war? No!"

"By diplomacy, or would you call it arbitration?"

"Neither! Arbitration smacks of disinterested nations entering into the game, while diplomacy seems to hark straight to officers of state. In a way, our plan is destructive, for it is responsible for killing a few thousand men, but not by warships, airships or any such trival agencies. We do our private killing for the public good."

"Yet it may not result in any killing," interrupted Starwake, smiling blandly.

"I am imagining the worst, gentlemen. Anyhow, we do not expect to kill direct. If slaughter comes, we simply place the weapon in the hands of the national combatants. So much in review. Now to business!"

Mr. Smith took a cigar from the box on the table, lit it and puffed with the content of an honest citizen.

"Now, the United States and Spain are at war. The former is the stronger, and must inevitably win, unless our society gets active. We will get active. Gentlemen, can you guess what our first stroke will be?"

The leader allowed his glance to rove around the group, but nobody answered. Tripp, the last of the number, shook his head. Smith smiled slightly and explained.

"To steal the White House!"

"Eh?" questioned Steele.

"To steal the Presidential mansion."

"You are joking."

"I never joked in my life."

"You can hardly take the White House up bodily and lug it off," suggested Black.

Mr. Smith swept him a cold glance, as if in reproof.

"My explanation of this matter will be slightly deferred. Even Mr. Starwake does not fully know what I mean, but I say again, our chief enterprise is to steal the White House. Perhaps you ask how. You will see later. Believe me, it will create a sensation. For over a hundred years the Presidents of the United States have resided there, and sundry patriotic folks regard the edifice as sacred. Sacred things are sometimes stolen. It will happen again."

"But to steal the White House——"

"Is easy."

"How will you——"

"Drop around at that time and see."

"I suppose you mean, to raid it as burglars might raid or plunder——"

"You are a poor guesser, Mr. Black."

"But," urged Tripp, "suppose that you could accomplish the impossibility of carrying it off on your shoulder, what good would it do you?"

"It would supply an economical family with kindling wood for a full six months, sir."

Mysterious Mr. Smith moved in his chair with the manner of a man who wishes to be free from trivial affairs and attend to business. Then he resumed steadily.

"Our society aims to end the war between the United States and Spain. Since Spain is the weaker we must make the two equal in powers of army and navy, and as two equal combatants will never wish to keep on fighting until all its people are slain, war will end."

"Seems to me," protested Steele, "that if the two were equal the war would be fought out to the last ditch."

Mr. Smith brought his gaze to bear upon the offender and pierced him with a severe glare.

"My position is that both will wish for peace at once."

"Our leader," said Starwake hastily, "has matters planned with the greatest precision."

Steele subsided, though the dazed look in his face told that his logical powers still halted in the presence of such an argument.

"Suppose," pursued Mr. Smith, "that in equalizing the nations we make the blow so severe that both will dread what will come next?"

"I have understood you to say that we are to use no water or airship, known to man or privately invented, and no explosive——"

"You understand aright. I have told you clearly that we do no killing. The rival armies and navies will do all that is done in that way. Our part is what I have vaguely indicated in previous talks with you gentlemen."

"Juggling with matters of state, eh?"

"That tells a part. For instance, an American fleet is now in Cuban waters with the understanding that the Spanish fleet will probably seek a harbor thereabouts. Well, before long the President of the United States will send an order to the American fleet, by a speedy boat, directing the admiral to sail for the coast of South America."

"Our President will send such an order?"

"Yes."

"But why?"

"To meet the Spanish fleet."

"Is that fleet down that way?"

"No."

"Does the President think it is?"

"No."

"And yet he will send that order?"

"Yes."

Mr. Smith answered with perfect calm, and then turned to Jason.

"Mr. Starwake," he said, "will you kindly bring the charts?"

So saying he motioned toward the room where Colgrave was hidden.

This wonderful story will be continued in the next week's Ledger. Do not miss reading it. A lot of great and timely stories will appear in the Ledger during this year. Send in your subscription and you will find yourself repaid ten time over.

"To steal the White House!"

THE DEAR LITTLE ONES.

"I came over on a painful errand, Mrs. Featherstonhaugh," said Mrs. Haeckelenkamper, sorrowfully. "Your little Albert Edward annoys me so much that I feel I can't stand it any longer. He certainly is the most mischievous child I ever saw, and I'm sure he spends more time at our place than he does at home, and I have to be watching him every minute or he'll be in trouble of some kind. Yesterday he was playing with my little Augustus Adolphus in the sittingroom and while I was absent for a few minutes he rolled the cat in a sheet of sticky flypaper. He's always doing something like that, and I felt it my duty to tell you."

"The idea!" cried Mrs. Featherstonhaugh, indignantly. "I never heard such impertinence! I would take a lecture from any other woman in this neighborhood in good part, but when the mother of the worst boy in seven townships comes into my own home and undertakes to tell me how to rear my own son I feel that the limit is reached. Everybody knows what your boy is, Mrs. Haeckelenkamper. He's more trouble than the measles, and when you say my Albert Edward spends most of his time at your house you are inviting the fate of Sapphira. He wouldn't go there at all, only your boy comes and pleads and begs, and I have no doubt that you beguile him into your house yourself, knowing that his presence there gives your place an air of respectability."

"Oh! I expected to be insulted when I came here," replied Mrs. Haeckelenkamper with Spartan fortitude. "I told my husband this morning that I would come over and try to reason with you and open your eyes to the faults of that perverse boy of yours, and he advised me not to. 'Don't lower yourself to that extent, Matilda,' said he; 'you can't afford to associate, even casually, with women who permit their offspring to run wild,' said he.

"I wish now that I had taken his advice, for I see you are too stiff-necked to accept a word of counsel, and if your son doesn't die upon the gallows after eating a hearty breakfast of ham and eggs it will be a surprise to everybody in this neighborhood. There were six ladies at our house yesterday making harem skirts to send to the heathen, and they spent the whole afternoon talking about your boy, and it was the opinion of one and all that he will bring your gray hairs in sorrow to the grave unless you teach him a lesson."

"I saw that bunch of old gossips coming from your place yesterday," retorted Mrs. Featherstonhaugh, "and I felt sorry for you at the time. Those mischief-makers wouldn't be admitted to any respectable house in this town. 'Poor Mrs. Haeckelenkamper,' I said to myself, 'is so hard up for company that she has to dragoon those old beldames into her sittingroom.' And while I was feeling sorry for you, you were trying to stab me behind my back! Do you know why the best people never call at your house? It's because of that boy of yours! He's a neighborhood terror, and you're so blind that you can't see it.

"Dr. Teichegraber told me that he made a professional call at your place one day and left some medicine, for which he has never been paid, and while he was preparing the medicine your boy took his silk hat out to the well and pumped it full of water, and when he spoke to you about it you said the dear angel boy was so fond of innocent fun. Old Mr. Doolittle fell asleep under a tree by his front gate the other day and your angel boy set fire to his whiskers. Mrs. Quigmore says she caught your seraphic child pouring a quart bottle of violet ink into her cistern.

"I could spend the afternoon telling you of things your charming Augustus has done and yet you have the impudence to come here telling me that my harmless boy is a desperado! You know your way home, Mrs. Haeckelenkamper!"

* * *

Missouri's Snake Birds.

Thomas B. Hudspeth of Sibley, Mo., has no trouble with bugs or snakes.

"I feed all of the birds which come to my farm except the jay birds," said Mr. Hudspeth. "The bull bird clears my farm of snakes. To clear the bugs I take corn to the potato patch, and the blackbirds come and get the corn and discover the bugs, and take them, too. The snake birds, as I call them, go after the little snakes. They catch them back of the head and then fly with them to a barbed-wire fence or a thorn tree and hang them on the thorns or on the barbs.

"I have counted a dozen small snakes on a barbed-wire fence, hung up like so many criminals. I do not know what the birds do with them after they hang them, but I do know that they hang them."

* * *

The Truthful Boy.

"I would like to get off today, sir," said the office boy.

"What for?" asked the boss.

"My grandmother died last night, sir."

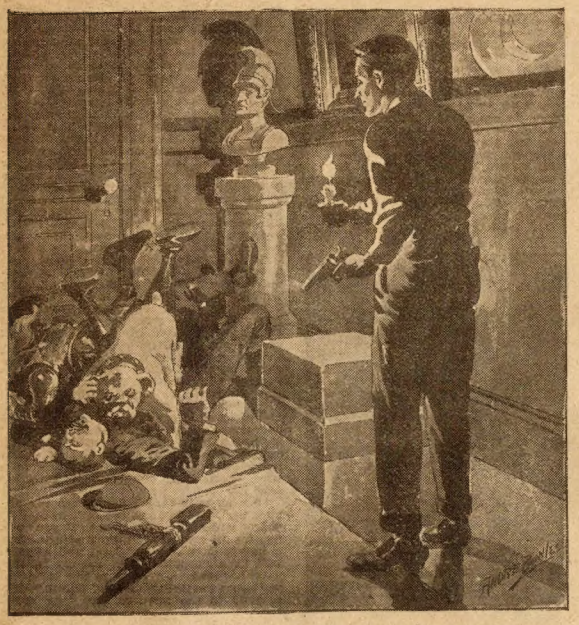
"But you told me that story before."

"Yes, sir; she dies every night, sir. She is playing Little Eva in an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' show, sir."

THE LUCK OF GREGORY;

Or, A Rocky Road to Fortune

By JULIAN F. DARROW



"Oh! good evening, Mr. Gomez."

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CHAPTER VII.

CONFESSION OF CARDIGAN.

FIRST of all Bob sauntered out and sought a restaurant where he could secure breakfast; and having satisfied the pangs of hunger he took pity on the bow-legged angel he had left on duty back in the house, carrying him a generous assortment of bones and chunks of good meat, as per directions of Andy Jason.

Ajax was duly grateful, if growls and the wagging of a tail could be understood to signify anything along that line; but somehow Bob did not just fancy the look of his bloodshot eyes, and was even beginning to doubt the wisdom of having such a ferocious lieutenant in his service.

Having attended to what he was pleased to term his chores at the house he went to a neighboring drug store, called up Mr. Hogg on the phone, and assured him that he still lived to tell of his first night's experience under his own roof, even if it was just then possessed of an unenviable reputation as an abode for spooks.

What he particularly wished to know was whether the lawyer could direct him to the home of Cardigan, old Robert's former faithful servant, unless he too, had passed beyond, in which case, of course, he would not take the trouble to hunt him up.

Mr. Hogg begged a few minutes' indulgence in order to look over some files which might contain the address, for the party was still living, and enjoying a pension his former master had given him. He returned to the phone presently and gave an address which Bob jotted down, after which he promised to see the gentleman in a few days, as he was very busy just at present. Then off he posted to the address given.

It was away up beyond the Harlem River, and after much trial and tribulation Bob was directed to a quaint little cottage standing in a patch of ground that would later on possibly blossom into a kitchen garden. Of course he had not the remotest conception as to what this same Cardigan looked like, nor was he able to conjecture from the name whether he might be a native American or an Irishman, though inclined toward the latter view, he did not know why.

A big man was working in the garden, and to him Bob went, under the belief that this must be the party he sought; one glimpse of his ruddy face was enough to stamp his nationality as Irish, and there was a roguish gleam in the blue eyes that quite captured Bob in the start.

"I'm looking for one Cardigan," he said, as the other glanced up and nodded. "Faith, then ye're lookin' right at the same, for that is my name, Michael Joyce Cardigan, sor," said the giant, smiling.

"You've never met me, and perhaps never heard of me, Cardigan, but I understand that you were long in the employ of my grandfather, and that he looked upon you as a faithful friend. My name is Robert Jenkins Gregory."

The old man showed animation at once, and there came an expression of positive delight upon his rosy face.

"I might a knowed that, sor, before ye spoke; for sure there do be the most surprising resemblance betune your face and thot of Mr. Alexander, who, I take it, must have been your father. I knew him as a boy, yis, and loved him well. It most broke me heart, so it did, when the ould man chased him away wid his curse. And he was thot remorseful in his ould age he would have sint for the bye and made up, only thot he found it wor too late. And thin his daughter, Amelia, did be havin' a great influence over him. Sure, it does me good to see you, sor, and if ye wouldn't mind shakin' hands wid an ould fellow like me it would do me proud, so it would."

Bob saw the old fellow was inclined to be garrulous, and it did not suit his purpose just then to gossip, for he was after information of another nature; so he gently guided him into the channel he wished to navigate, and after the clever fashion of an experienced newspaper man plied him with questions bearing upon the pertinent point of the vigil kept by old Robert in the haunted house.

Of course he had to explain some measure of his own connection with the matter, and exhibit the letter written in Robert Gregory's own cramped hand reading the same for the edification of Cardigan; after which it was easy to influence him to tell all he knew. Indeed, Bob began to realize presently that Cardigan was so eager to assist him to come into his patrimony that unless he was checked he showed a tendency to wander in the fields of romance, instead of keeping to hard facts. This being the case Bob persisted in asking questions that were directly to the point, and admitted of little or no generalization.

"You can best help me, Cardigan, by answering straight from the shoulder, just as clearly as possible. In the first place I assume that you were aware of this infatuation on the part of your old old master for the pretty governess—perhaps you were even a witness of his mad marriage to the clever adventuress?" he remarked.

"I was thot, and it is right ye are in calling the woman by such a name; for if iver there was a man bewitched by the other sex it wor Mr. Robert."

"I understand from what I've heard from Mr. Hogg, and what this letter contains, that she secured her wonderful hold upon him through exercising certain talents in the line of spiritualism. Now, were you with him on the night he speaks of here, when she appeared to him in the old home?"

"I was thot, sor."

"Did you see her too, Cardigan?"

The man made some sort of quick motion with one of his hands as though he were crossing his heart to fend off evil spirits.

"I did, sor," was the surprising answer he gave, for Bob had fully expected to hear him say to the contrary.

This rather complicated matters, for up to now Bob was almost positive the old man must have dreamed he had seen the spirit of his dead Caraminta; yet here was Cardigan admitting that he too had set eyes on the floating figure that had eluded the eager arms of Robert.

Could it be possible that there was something tangible about this mysterious visitation—that the spirit of departed ones really did have the power, under certain conditions, to revisit the scenes of their earthly career, and appear to certain favored individuals?

Bob viewed this new aspect of the matter with uneasiness, since he had a long period of duty yet before him in carrying out the wishes of old Robert, and the prospect was not an alluring one under these conditions. Then he suddenly bethought him of something.

"Cardigan, are you also a believer in spiritualism as well as your late master?" he asked pointedly.

The man seemed a bit confused, but answered readily enough.

"Sure, sor, Mr. Robert made me see just as he did. Time was whin I used to laugh at thim things, but after thot experience it was niver again to mock for me."

"And you saw this woman, or rather what seemed to be her person, that night?"

Cardigan raised his hand solemnly as a man at the bar taking the oath.

"I did, sor, as plain as I see you now."

"Where were you at the time?"

"It wor me habit to slape in the adjoinin' room, close beyant the door back of the cot in the alcove. I heard Mr. Robert cry out and jumped to me feet, runnin' in to say what had happened, for I thought by the powers the ould man had been taken wid a chill or something like thot in the night. As I entered the alcove I discovered him standin' there a-holdin' out his hands like he was enticin' and entreatin' some one to come to him, and as I looked beyant I declare on me honor, sor, I saw a figure in white there, wid the face of thot woman. It gave me a cold feeling, you may well understand, and for me life I couldn't have put one foot before the other. But Mr. Robert gave a cry and rushed forward to grip hold of the figure, only he found nothing there, and fell down in a faint."

"Ah! yes, it had vanished without a sound—disappeared as if it faded away in the air?" pursued Bob, eagerly.

"I saw it there one minute, and then by me sowl it went—puff, just like thot."

"But he says that he heard a sound down the stairs like the wail of a

FOOD AGAIN

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A Boston lady talks entertainingly of food and the changes that can be made in health by some knowledge on that line. She says:

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I have printed a booklet for you entitled, "Weight Reduction Without Drugs," which I am giving away without charge, prepaid to you, so that you may know of my successful method and be able to permanently reduce your weight any amount up to 70 pounds, without harmful exercises or starvation diet, drugs or medicines.

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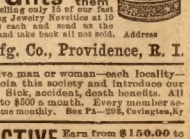

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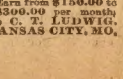

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lost spirit—did you hear anything like that, Cardigan?"

Again he made that quick little movement with one hand.

"I shall niver forgit it, sor; it do come to me often in the night," he replied.

"The wail, you mean. Might it not have been the cry of some wandering cat out in the night? Such a sound under those conditions would have seemed out of the common?" pursued Bob.

"That wor no earthly sound, sor, I niver heard anything just like it in me life."

"Then you're fully convinced that your master did have a visit from the spirit of Caraminta on that particular night?"

"I'd take me oath on it, sor, that I would. He niver belaved anything ilse himsilf, up to the day of his death."

"Of course you never told about this strange happening, did you?"

"Why should I, whin he pledged me to sacracy? If it hadn't been for ye showin' me thot letter in his own hand it's little ye'd be gettin' from Michael Cardigan at this blissed minute; but I know thot ye are mint by Mr. Robert to discover the truth about this same occurrence, and to explain to the ghost, if so be she comes again, why he is not there as he promised. It do seem to be my juty by me ould master to hilp ye all I may," went on the other, soberly, as though the subject was one that had long worried him.

"Did you keep the doors locked when you stayed there, Cardigan?"

"Ivery mortal one of thim, sor, for I was thot afraid of burglars breakin' in and murtherin' us in our beds I couldn't 'a slept sound without."

"H'm. Well, either you and Mr. Robert did see something, or else it was a mighty singular coincidence, that's all. I had a dream last night, and thought she came to me, even as she had to him; but when I awoke after trying to seize her just as he did I found myself on that cot, and her picture staring down at me. By the way did she look anything like that, Cardigan?"

"She did and she didn't, sor. Sure, she wor very young whin thot picture wor taken from which he had the painting made; but thim eyes sor, they do be the same always, burnin' ye wid their fire. She wor handsome as a t'ger is, wid a devil slumberin' under it all. I niver looked at her widout shiverin'; but Mr. Robert belaved her to be an angel on earth. She had him at the tips of her fingers, she bein' a medium, ye understand, and he belavin' in her power to control the wyle of the departed whin they kim back to visit the earth."

"Well, I'm sure I feel obliged to you, Cardigan, for what you've told me, though it has only added to my perplexities. I'll solve this puzzle sooner or later, I feel sure, and you may see me again. Don't say a word to any one about my having been here, for until the lawyers give the word the people in possession are not to know what's hanging over their heads. Good-by, Cardigan; you were faithful to the service of my grandfather, and for that I mean to see more of you." And shaking hands with the big fellow, Bob sauntered off, feeling that instead of solving the mystery he had simply gone a step deeper into the maze, and gathered in a few more knotty problems to bother him as he sat before that fire in the grate.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE STROKE OF THREE.

Bob's next step was to find some party who for a consideration would be willing to take the fearsome Ajax out for an airing every morning.

Only a man accustomed to dogs would dare to attempt to win the favor of that ugly beast, and accordingly Bob scurried about the community seeking such an individual. Finally he got on the track of a dog fancier named Gomez, and hunting up his establishment, found himself confronted by a big man with a scowling face, who carried a short whip in his hand, as if he had been in the act of putting some of his educated pets through their regular paces when interrupted by Bob's call.

Of course Bob told him precious little save that he had a prize bulldog he wished to have taken out for an hour every day, and for which service he was willing to pay liberally—he would bring Ajax down to the shop each morning and in the afternoon or night call for him again. He saw that he had excited the curiosity of the fellow, who had the appearance of a prize fighter; but there was no help for it; and as Gomez mentioned a sum for which he would agree to look after the animal, an arrangement was struck on the spot, Bob paying for a week in advance.

Thus he was freed from one source of anxiety, since the entertainment of Ajax had been a bugbear with him ever since he saw how ugly the brute could deport himself when crossed—this experienced man would know how to handle him, and the best of results follow, no doubt. So he went up immediately and found Ajax on guard, looking as though he could with the greatest pleasure in the world demolish any wretch foolish enough to venture within the domain he had been set to guard. Only with considerable difficulty did Bob manage to lead him down to the fancier's establishment; and he now realized that this was certain to prove the hardest part of his whole bargain, and almost wished he had never considered having a fourfooted companion in his vigil.

Gomez eyed the prize beauty with delight, and it was plain that to his mind Ajax was a jewel beyond compare; at the same time he manifested more or less curiosity as to where Bob had his place of abode, under the plea that it might be necessary to communicate with him at some time. But Bob did not just fancy the looks of the dog fancier, and cleverly fenced when these invitations toward confidence were given, for somehow he disliked the idea of telling Gomez that he was spending his nights in the Gregory mansion. Still, he could not expect to keep this a secret long, as his comings and goings must be noted, and the fact chronicled among the neighbors.

Having found out from Jason by phone that the dog would eat biscuit, he purchased a supply and that afternoon, when leading Ajax home, carried it to the house. The experience was even more unpleasant than in the morning, and again Bob began to figure whether it pa'd to bother with a canine guardian evidently destined to keep him in constant hot water through some means or other.

This time, taking warning from the lesson of the previous night, he fastened the beast at the foot of his bed, and would not reach the cot; and hence Bob would in case of necessity be able to spring to his feet suddenly without running the ever-present risk of feeling those rows of sharp teeth meeting in his leg; for he somehow gained the impression that such a dog as Ajax, upon being aroused, never stopped to ask questions even in his canine ways, but immediately got busy.

Once again Bob went forth, this time to wander downtown, have a jolly dinner at some fine restaurant, drop in at some show, and in various ways kill time until the hour grew late enough for him to be on duty at his post.

Never must he fail to be on hand at eleven, and for two hours his task was to keep awake and wait for manifestations. This time on returning, he carried some papers and a couple of novels along, besides other things calculated to make his lot more endurable.

It was mighty gloomy up in that particular neighborhood at this hour of the night, despite the fact that the stars shone in the blue vault overhead, and the street lights tried to dispel the darkness along the adjacent avenue. When he passed through the entrance and between those sentinel posts embowered in the rank hedge Bob could see the grim outlines of the building in silhouette against the sky; but not a sound reached his ears in the immediate vicinity.

His key opened the door easily enough, and thanks to the oil he had so generously used, there was no squeaking sound following the action as on the previous night, which, at least, was a relief. He struck a match and lighted his stub of a candle—by the way, he must remember to pick up a pound of these useful things when next abroad, for they promised to come in very handy at times.

Ajax was as silent as though dead—could it be possible that those keen ears of his had failed to catch the sound caused by Bob's entrance? A slight rustle seemed to answer him, and in imagination he could see the glaring goggle eyes of the squat brute watching the head of the stairway, waiting for the intruder to appear before pouncing upon him. The sensation was not overly pleasant, and Bob called out the name of the animal as he set foot on the first step; then came a whine from above, and he knew the danger was past, since Ajax had recognized his voice.

Again did the lamp and fire come into requisition to aid in chasing away some of the fearful shadows that clung to that singular alcove, where the light of day had little chance of reaching; and with the bristly terror munching a dog biscuit in temporary contentment, Bob thought he could pass a couple of hours pleasantly enough in reading and thinking.

Why, this was not half bad, after all; when he considered what a wretched outlook he had faced a few days previous, it seemed as though even this peculiar condition of affairs were a peep into Paradise, to such a sense of contentment does a full stomach give rise. His pipe and book occupied him for a period, and then, as he heard the clock in that friendly tower strike the midnight hour, he once more paid attention to the time register, and resumed his attitude of repose.

Ajax was becoming a little more accustomed to his new home, and also the actions of his latest master, though he eyed Bob's movements with curiosity, and even growled angrily at the clicking of the machine when he turned the crank, as if he disturbed the whole affair.

By the time another hour had crawled along Bob was good and drowsy, though he chanced to be reading a book that had been warranted to keep any one awake until reaching the finis; and having done his hourly stunt at marking his presence in the building, he prepared for sleep.

This time he put the lamp out entirely, though placing his candle and matches where he could clap a hand upon them instantly if necessary. The fire he fixed so that it would hold until late in the night, and having made himself as comfortable as the conditions allowed he gave a sigh of relief and allowed his senses to be taken captive by the little god of slumber.

What manner of sound it was that aroused him he could not quite determine; but supposed it must be some loose shutter which had escaped his

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morning's scrutiny, and persisted in rattling with each vagary of the night wind. Nevertheless Bob raised his head to listen, and his eyes, despite his determination to avoid that spot hereafter, involuntarily sought the wall where the picture of the charming Caraminta still hung, though turned the other way; but this time there was nothing to give him concern, for only the outlines of the frame could be distinguished in the dim light.

The fire had dwindled down to a mere bagatelle, and in the alcove it was close to the point of darkness, though outside a late rising shell of a moon tried to dispel the gloom with rather indifferent success.

Was that a sound from below he caught, or could it be Ajax raising his head upon hearing his master moving? Hark! One, two, three strokes from that neighborly clock told him how the night was wearing away, and that he had slept two hours only.

Bob gave a grunt and allowed his head to drop back upon the pillows belonging to the cozy corner couch; but it had hardly struck before once more he bobbed up, this time far enough to rest on his elbow, while he strained his ears to listen. Either he was growing very fanciful or else he had actually heard a rustling sound down those broad stairs, as of some one brushing along over an unfamiliar passage in semi-darkness.

Again he experienced that chill sensation as he remembered what he was expected to welcome in that deserted mansion; but Bob immediately shook this feeling off with impatience, since it were ridiculous to try to imagine spirits knocking up against obstacles of any sort. What scattered furniture and objects of a collector's fancy to celestial visitants, unincumbered with a body of the flesh? The very fact of this rustling noise coming from below told Bob a story of quite another character, and involuntarily his eager hand sought the pistol he had at the solicitation of Mr. Hogg, purchased and carried to the secluded house behind the tall hedge.

CHAPTER IX.

AJAX CLOSES HIS JAWS.

It would be folly to say that Bob was cool as he sat up on his couch and with strained hearing sought to detect further evidences of a visitation from the lower part of the house; his heart was throbbing at twice its normal rate, and his breath came in quick gasps; but nevertheless what was most important lay in the fact that the hand gripping the weapon seemed steady enough.

Was that the clank of the chain securing Ajax to the leg of the heavy mahogany table in the upper hall just beyond the head of the stairs. Even before this he had thought it strange the dog had given no sign of having heard the suspicious sounds that had come to his ears.

Since taking up this burden of care Bob had been reading more or less upon the subject of spiritualism, and had as yet been unable to decide whether animals were able to distinguish these so-called manifestations or not; but the concensus of opinion seemed to be that when any such phenomena occurred dogs had been known to howl most dismally, and show by their cowardice that they felt the presence of something that struck terror to their hearts.

At any rate Ajax did not seem to be giving way as yet, for he had not lifted his tuneful voice in the least degree; Indeed, if Bob had been asked to give a guess on the subject he would have immediately declared it his belief that the prize monster was lying there near the top of the stairs with his protruding eyes glowing like coals of fire as they kept watch and ward upon the lower region below.

If a spirit meant to pay the guardian of the house a visit it would do well to pass in through a window or the walls, as any self-respecting ghost might be expected to do, for Ajax had not studied the question and was ready to treat anything that endeavored to pass up those stairs as though it were made of corporeal and semi-flesh.

Very likely Bob Gregory would often look back to that exciting moment of his career, and endeavor to recall the strange sensations that swept over him as he thus sat on the edge of the cot and waited for developments.

It was not very warm in the alcove with the fire dwindled down to almost nothing, and he soon began to shiver—at least, he laid the tremors that passed over him to this exposure, but perhaps the excitement had considerable to do with the matter too. Anyhow, he might as well draw on his trousers and feel a bit more comfortable, if as seemed probable there was to be some exploring on the programme; so he deliberately accomplished this little job, being very careful not to make the least sound while so doing.

All seemed quiet enough, and Bob was already beginning to believe he had been needlessly alarmed, when again he caught a sound from without the alcove. Was that the creaking of the stairs? He had noted the fact that there were several places in the ascent where his weight caused a sudden report or snap much like the mysterious "crack" that furniture often gives in a house where sudden changes of temperature occur in winter.

Now, Bob had always believed that spirits were ethereal and could float through space—that bolts and walls were not worth the snap of a finger to keep them out, once they wished to enter; nor could he imagine a celestial visitant creeping up those stairs, and causing such a snap upon reaching a certain step.

Again his hand crept out and closed upon the pistol, which Mr. Hogg's thoughtfulness had been responsible for; Bob made no pretensions to being a crack shot, and indeed, he was uncertain about his ability to hit a man at ten paces; but there is a good deal in the noise one can make on such an occasion, and he firmly believed he could rattle that firearm headily enough to arouse the neighborhood.

There was a feeling akin to disgust about the business that went beyond any danger involved; for if he must repel boarders and create a disturbance, would it not have some effect upon the carrying out of his agreement; at any rate it must draw attention to the house behind, and perhaps disclose the hand of his legal representatives before they were ready to open up.

Nevertheless, he was there to guard the property from prowling intruders, whether they be of this world or the one beyond; and no matter what followed, Bob Gregory saw his duty clearly. He conceived the idea that perhaps it would not be amiss to have a little light on the subject, and with this in mind, reached out to strike a match he had so thoughtfully placed beside the candle stub.

His hand was stayed, however, before accomplishing its purpose; indeed, just as his fingers closed upon the match, he was thrilled to see a light suddenly appear beyond the hanging portieres that separated the alcove from the hall at the head of the stairs. Bending forward, while still sitting on the edge of the cot, Bob saw a picture he would conjure up in his mind when thinking of this hour.

Some sort of glow like a miniature searchlight seemed to be pouring up the stairs, centering upon the landing above, and resting upon the dog Ajax crouching there, his square head between his bow legs, and acting as if hypnotized by what he saw.

Just then it was to Bob an uncanny light, exceedingly white beside the illumination from his lamp or candle, and seeming as steady as the rays of the sun. But as he looked, he fancied he detected a movement around the haunches of the squatting beast—such an undulation as he had watched a cat make when about to launch itself upon an unsuspicious bird. Ajax, then, was not reduced to a condition of paralysis through fear, as he had at first suspected; and the realization brought a sigh of relief to Bob's lips, for it seemed to settle one question in his mind.

Ah, there went another sibilant creak, this time unmistakable. The intruder must be slowly mounting the stairs, keeping that tense light upon the hideous object that crouched there at the top, perhaps acting on the supposition that as wild animals cower before a fire-flash, so a bulldog might decline to attack in the face of an electric torch.

Well, it was a mistake. Ajax had been brought up in New York and was used to modern appl'ances, so that such a thing could be deemed no novelty to his mind. As Bob saw the undulations about his hind quarters become more rapid he knew to a certainty there would be something doing, speedily, and that the intruder, human or otherwise, would meet with a startling surprise.

He even chuckled, and was conscious of a feeling of gratitude that it was not toward him the goggle-eyed squatter evinced such warm solicitude; since he had a healthy respect for those square jaws and the grim array of fangs that decorated the same.

Perhaps the situation did not wholly appeal to the party most interested, for Bob heard a sound like a "cluck," such as one may address toward a dog to hold its attention, and convince him it is a friend who comes. Bob pricked up his ears upon catching this, for it had a somewhat familiar ring to him, though, until this very moment, he had not dreamed of such a thing in connection with the early morning call.

"So, it is you, my friend," he was saying to himself in a whisper, while for the life of him he could not remove his fascinated eyes from the figure lying at the top of the stairs, patiently biding his time. "You have selected an unusual hour for making a formal call, and perhaps a most unfortunate one—for you. I am sorry for you, old chap; your curiosity is about to cost you dear I'm afraid. Ah! now will you be good?"

For Ajax had leaped! He went forward like a projectile shot from a modern twelve-inch gun, taking one great flying leap over the edge of the landing, and not uttering the slightest warning before vaulting.

It was a magnificent as well as terrifying sight, that huge beast shooting downward through the air like a comet in full flight; but Bob only had the least possible glimpse of his passage, since the source of illumination was instantly withdrawn from below. But if Bob did not see, the man above was able to hear, and to his ears there welled up the most surprising combination of sounds possible; which, if noticed by any passer-by on the outside, must have been a convincing proof concerning the haunted character of the dismal house behind the hedge.

First of all he caught an exclamation of fear and alarm in a voice that did not seem to have any spiritual element in it, unless it might be gin or old Bourbon; then came the fierce crash as the leg of the mahogony table was torn rudely from its fastening by the thunderbolt spring of Ajax. We have no brute through space, and down the stairs it rattled after the chain and dog, banging this way and that as if determined to add to the din all it could.

But the chief center of the racket lay further down, where the bulk of canine impetuosity came violently in contact with a moving body that possibly was endeavoring to beat a hasty retreat when it was too late.

Both dog and body went tumbling down the half dozen steps with many a bang, and the sounds that instantly welled up from that dark region below were enough to excite the rudest adventurer in the world. There were groans and curses galore, a horrible growling and scratching, as Ajax valiantly held on like grim death, despite all efforts to break away on the part of his quarry, and the bang of the front door to announce that a second visitor had incontinently fled, leaving his wretched confederate to the tender mercies of that dog-fiend.

Bob heard and understood it all as though his eyes beheld the panorama unfold. He feared the wretch below might be meeting his death during those dreadful seconds, and the thought was overpowering. Already had he struck the match, and the flame was applied to the candle; then with this in one hand and his pistol in the other he made a hurry rush for the stairs, bent upon witnessing what was taking place below in that black abyss from which those awful sounds continued to arise.

Somehow, despite the peril to which he had just been subjected, Bob was conscious of an actual feeling of satisfaction in that he had to face real things rather than uncanny manifestations from the other world. Down the stairs he hurried, trying to search the darkness beyond as he advanced.

There was no difficulty in locating the spot where the little circus was going on, for the growls continued, and were supplemented by the same dismal chorus of groans and "cuss" words.

It was over toward the front door that the tragedy was being played, and even as Bob came near enough to see, the struggles of the wretch to break loose caused a figure in mail to topple over with a crash that echoed through

(Continued on page seventeen.)

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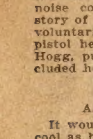

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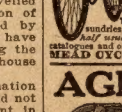

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Or, The Search for the South Pole

By STEPHEN ANGUS COX

"Take that!" he cried.

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CHAPTER XII.

GENIE KIDNAPED.

FOR a few moments Genie Holman and Ralston stood there, looking at each other, and then the girl exclaimed:

"Mr. Ralston! How did you get here? And where is my father?"

"I don't know where your father is, Miss Worth," was the reply. "I wasn't with him, when the plateau parted and divided up into icebergs, so don't know what became of him."

"I am sorry. I was in hopes, the moment I saw you, that you would be able to give me some information regarding him."

"No. I was with another portion of the party, and we floated around on the iceberg the rest of the night, and next morning reached the solid plateau and returned to the ship ——"

"Ah," breathed Genie, "then you know what became of the steamer."

The second mate nodded. "Yes," he said; "we went aboard the steamer, and waited two or three days, and then, as your father and the rest of the members of the expedition did not put in an appearance, we sailed away, and headed for the east coast of South America. We intended to touch at Buenos Aires or Rio Janeiro, and try to sell the steamer, for we considered that it belonged to us, if your father and yourself were lost, and we would have done as we intended, but for the fact that the ship was caught in a terrible storm and blown away to the southward, till we were farther south than we had been before, and then the storm veered around and blew the ship eastward, where it struck against the Outer Barrier, and was wrecked. The ship went down, but I managed to get ashore, with two or three of the men. We found a few boxes of food, the next day, and set out for the Great South Barrier, for we remembered that it was warm the other side of it, and we finally reached and climbed the Barrier, and took up our residence on the nearest island. That is across at the farther side of the open water, and about four or five miles from the large island that Worth went across to, to reconnoiter, as a result of your having seen smoke there."

"Then the ship is lost!" exclaimed Genie, a look of dismay on her face and consternation in her tones.

"Yes, the ship is lost, and how any of us are to ever get back to the outer world is more than I can say."

Genie looked more dismayed than ever, and after a few moments of silence, said: "I don't know what we can do. Mr. Worth and myself have talked the matter over a few times, but we have been figuring on the steamer returning."

The mate shook his head. "It won't return, for it is at the bottom of the ocean."

"I came to look for Mr. Worth," said Genie. "It is about time he was getting back from the large island. I am eager to know who is on the island. Or, do you know?"

The second mate shook his head. "No, we didn't know anybody was there, till we saw the smoke yesterday. One of the others went to that island to reconnoiter, this evening, and I came here, as we have been seeing the smoke of your fires here on this island. We were surprised, for we supposed ourselves the only people here; though we thought it possible that your father and some of the other members of the party had escaped off the iceberg and taken up their residence on the islands."

Genie looked toward the large island again, saw nothing of Worth returning, and again turned to the second mate and said: "I guess I will return to the cabin. You will return to your friends at once, I suppose—or did you think of staying here till Mr. Worth returns?"

The second mate did not reply at once, but after a few moments said: "Why should you not come with me to the island we are on? It is larger than this one, and there are wild vegetables and fruits, and we have built a cabin with a large room and a small one in it, and you can occupy the small room. I don't think that any of us will get away from this region soon, perhaps never, and you might as well make a decision as to where you would like to stay."

Genie stared at the second mate a few moments in amazement, and then said, coldly: "I don't see why I should wish to go to the island you are on, Mr. Ralston. This one suits me very well, and we have a cabin here, that is comfortable, and—"

"We!" interrupted Ralston, angrily and sneeringly.

"Yes, 'we,'" replied Genie. "I shall stay here, and I hope that I shall some day succeed in escaping from this region and getting back into the outer world."

Ralston's face grew dark, and it was evident that he did not like Genie's words. "I don't see why you wouldn't want to come over to the other island and stay there," he said. "I'm as good as Worth, and just as good-looking."

"I don't think you are as good, or you wouldn't have intruded on this island, and as for my going to your island, that is out of the question. Kindly go away."

"I'm in no hurry," was the reply, in an angry voice. "I think I'll stay till your Mr. Worth returns, and then I may stay even longer." There was a significance to his voice that did not escape Genie's attention, and she drew her breath quickly and sharply. There was a threat in the man's tones and words, and she realized it, and feared that Ralston would wait till Worth returned, and that there would be trouble.

"If you and your companions were to come over onto this island and stay, I suppose we could not prevent it," said Genie, in as calm and matter-of-fact a voice as she could command.

"I didn't mean that," was the reply. "I meant that I don't see that there is any reason why Worth should be any more fortunate than myself, and that I am thinking of waiting and having decided between us which is to stay here on this island."

Genie shrank within herself, but kept a brave front, and said, quickly: "You are foolish to talk like that, Mr. Ralston. Mr. Worth is going to stay here, and as I said a few moments ago, if you and the others with you wish to come over here, we cannot prevent you, but as for your staying here to decide whether you or Mr. Worth shall *remain*, that is an absurd statement."

Ralston laughed, a hard metallic laugh. "Miss Holman," he said, "Worth and I do not like each other, and never have, and sooner or later we should have had some kind of a settlement between ourselves, so there could be no better place for having a settlement than this spot. You return to the cabin and leave the matter to us. We will attend to it satisfactorily."

"I will do nothing of the kind," said Genie. "If you stay here, I shall stay right here also, and I shall see to it that there is no 'settlement,' as you call it."

This did not seem to suit Ralston, for after a moment or two, he said: "Very well, if you object to our having a settlement, I will leave that till some other time, and will not wait here for Worth to return, but will go back to my island —but I shall take you with me!"

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said Genie. "I shall stay here, just as I said. You are insolent, Mr. Ralston, and I don't like to have you talk to me in that fashion. I want you to go back to your island and stay there, and not return here, either to annoy me or to have any settlement of a supposed misunderstanding between yourself and Mr. Worth. Leave that till some time when you are in the outer world."

"You will go with me," said Ralston, almost savagely. 'Come. We will go at once."

But Genie wasn't in a mood to obey, and instead of starting to accompany him, she suddenly whirled and darted up the pathway toward the cabin. She ran as fast as she could, and after her came Ralston. Genie was pretty swift of foot, but Ralston was swifter, and he gradually drew nearer her, and when within a few feet of her, he said: "You might as well stop, Miss Holman; you can't get away from me."

Genie did not stop, however, but continued to run at the top of her speed. Ralston was quickly up with her, and seized her by the shoulder and stopped her, at the same time saying: "You must come with me. We will go back to the island at once, and leave the settlement with Worth till some other time, as you wish. Come."

He drew the girl along the path, back down to the point that they had started from, and on around to the point where he had left his raft, and pulling the girl onto the raft, told her to sit down, while he untied the rope and took up the paddle and paddled away toward the island where his companions were, which island was reached in about an hour and a half. When Genie had stepped ashore, without assistance, for she could gain nothing by resistance at that time, and Ralston had tied the rope to a tree, he took her by the arm, and started up a path, saying, "Come along."

But Genie jerked her arm loose, and said, with a dignity that commanded his respect:

"Keep your hands off me. I could not prevent you from bringing me here, but I demand that you treat me with consideration, now that I am here."

Ralston let go of the girl, but there was a frown on his face. "Go ahead, up the path," he said. "You will see the cabin as soon as you get about halfway up the slope."

The girl obeyed without a word, and walked ahead of her captor till the cabin was reached, when she stopped, but Ralston motioned for her to enter, and she did so.

Ralston stepped across the room to light a candle, with the words: "Stand still a moment, and I'll strike a light."

He found the candle and lighted it, and then turned around—to meet with a surprise. Genie Holman was not in the cabin!

With an exclamation of anger and amazement, Ralston leaped to the doorway, and out into the open air. He glanced around quickly, but the girl was nowhere in sight.

"Where are you?" called Ralston. "Come back here. You can't get away."

There was no reply, and Ralston hesitated only an instant, and then hastily ran down the path toward the shore.

"She might try to get back to the other island, on the raft," was his thought.

When he reached the shore, however, he found the raft there, but did not see any signs of Genie. She had evidently not come in this direction.

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"She is still on the island," murmured Ralston, "and she can't get away. But I must be careful and not let her get away on the raft."

He walked back up the path a little distance, and saw one of his companions coming hastily down toward him. "Hello!" the man called. "What's the racket? I heard your voice calling, a little while ago, saw the candle was lighted and that you were gone, and came to see what the matter was."

"I'll tell you all about it, Miggins," was the reply, and he told him the truth, for he was the leader there, and the men who were with him would not try to interfere with him, as they were men whom he had been most in sympathy with on board the steamship.

"I don't think any of us will get away from the island," said Ralston, "and I don't like Worth, and want to cause him as much trouble as possible; and as I believe he thinks a great deal of Genie Holman, I can cause him a great deal of worry by keeping her from him. She doesn't like me, and I don't suppose that she will ever do so, but I can at least get square with Worth."

"I wouldn't have bothered, if I had been in your place," said Miggins. "We might make up our minds to try to get away from here and back to the outer world, and the girl would simply be in our way."

"It will be a good while before we get away from here," was the reply. "You guard the raft and keep her from going away on it and I will look around on the island for her."

"All right," was the reply, and Ralston moved away to search for the girl.

He had been gone only a few minutes, when out from among some underbrush at a little distance appeared Genie Holman.

She stopped a few feet from the man and looked at him. "I heard what you said to Mr. Ralston, that you would not have brought me here if you had been in his place, and I have come here to see if you won't let me go back to the other island on the raft. I don't want to stay here, for I feel at home over there."

The man glanced in the direction Ralston had gone, hesitated a moment, and then said: "All right. Get on the raft and go. I don't approve of this kind of business. He'll probably go for me red hot, for he has a temper, but I'll stand pat."

"Thank you," said Genie, gratefully. "You are very kind," and she stepped onto the raft, while Miggins untied the rope and pushed the raft away from the shore.

Genie had paddled only a few yards, when there sounded footsteps, and Ralston appeared, and caught sight of the girl. He uttered an exclamation, and bounded forward.

"What did I leave you here for, Miggins?" he cried. "I told you not to let her go away on the raft." Then to Genie, he called out: "Come back! You can't get away!"

"I'll do my best, anyway," was Genie's determined reply, and she kept on paddling.

Ralston gave utterance to an angry exclamation, and struck at Miggins. "Take that!" he cried. His intention was to knock Miggins down and leap into the water and swim after the raft and bring it and Genie back, but Miggins dodged the blow and grappled with Ralston, and the next moment they were engaged in a hand-to hand combat, and as Miggins was as heavily built and strong as the second mate, the struggle was about an even one for quite awhile. And while the struggle was going on, Genie was still paddling away with all her might, and gradually increasing the distance between herself and the shore.

The men kept struggling with all their might, and finally both fell to the ground, where they continued to struggle for a few minutes, without either getting the advantage, and finally Ralston said: "We may as well stop this affair, Miggins. I was wrong in attacking you, and perhaps after all it is as well that the girl should return to the other island."

"That suits me," was the reply, and they released their hold on each other and rose to their feet.

"I'm sorry to lose the craft," said Ralston, "but we can build another."

"Yes, so we can," was the reply.

They looked out across the water, and saw that Genie was more than a quarter of a mile distant. She was still paddling as fast as she could, and when she saw that Ralston was not going to try to follow her, she drew a breath of relief, and murmured: "Thank goodness, I shall soon be back at the cabin on our own island."

Ralston and Miggins stood there, looking across in the direction of Genie a few minutes, and then made their way up to the cabin and lay down and were soon asleep.

Genie kept on paddling at a fair rate of speed, and in about two hours arrived at the island. She tied the rope to a tree, and made her way to the cabin, where, on entering, she found that, though a candle was burning, Worth was not there.

"He has come back from the other island, found me gone, and has gone to look for me," was her thought. "He will likely be back soon."

Then she sat down to wait his return, turning her head to glance toward the door occasionally.

CHAPTER XIII.

WORTH'S DISMAY.

Slowly the time dragged away, and perhaps half an hour passed, and still the first mate did not return. Genie grew uneasy, and rose and stepped to the door and looked out, but did not see anything of Worth.

"I wish he would come," murmured Genie. "I'm getting lonesome."

She stood there a few minutes, and then walked out into the open ground in front of the cabin and stood there, waiting, perhaps another half hour, and still Worth did not come. She finally decided that the best thing she could do was to go indoors and to bed, and that Worth would be back before very long. This she did, and although somewhat anxious regarding the first mate's whereabouts, she was soon asleep.

She slept soundly till morning, and then rose and dressed and stepped into the other room, glancing as she did so toward the bunk in the corner. Worth was not there, but he was usually up before she was, anyhow.

"He's outside, somewhere," she murmured, and she stepped to the door and looked out, but did not see anything of Worth.

Then she was struck with the thought that perhaps he had not yet returned, and a fear assailed her—the fear that he might have gone away and got into trouble. She stood there awhile longer, waiting and watching, and as she saw no signs of Worth, she went back into the cabin and got breakfast and ate it alone; though she did not seem to care much for food, her mind being on her companion.

She went outside again, presently, and moved about, looking in all directions for some sign of Worth, but the time rolled on till noon, and still he had not returned. She ate a little at noon, and then started in on the afternoon, but was very restless and uneasy, walking around pretty much all the time, and making the circuit of the island two or three times. Still the first mate did not return, and Genie became more uneasy, as the hours wore away, and when evening came without his return, she hardly knew what to do or think.

She ate her supper, and then sat down and waited, in the hope that Worth would put in an appearance presently, but as the time rolled by without his coming she grew disheartened and began to fear that he had lost his life.

She waited an hour or two, however, and Worth having failed to return, she went into her room and to bed. Despite her anxiety, she presently succeeded in going to sleep.

* * * * *

Worth, when he found that Genie Holman was gone, was almost paralyzed. He had not expected anything of the kind, and he hardly knew what to think.

"She must be somewhere about the island," he murmured. "I'll go and see if I can find her."

He set out at once, and made his way about, looking for Genie, and calling her name, but he got no response, and finally came to the conclusion that she was not on the island.

"B t where can she be?" he asked himself.

This was a question he could not answer, and he decided that about the only thing he could do was to go in search of her. So he went down to the edge of the water and untied the painter of the raft, got aboard, took the paddle and started toward the nearest island. He did not know where else she could be than on an island, and he would simply have to search each till he found her. Therefore he kept on going till he reached the island in question. Here he tied the rope to a tree and leaped ashore, and then made his way about the island, looking for Genie and calling to her, but to no avail. She was not there.

He went back to the raft, got aboard and paddled to the next island, and kept this up till morning, when he came to the island that Ralston and his three companions were on. He tied the rope to a tree and started to look for Genie, and he presently came to the path that led up to the cabin. A glance was all that was necessary to show him that the island was inhabited, and he at once was on his guard.

"Who can be here on this island?" he murmured. "There seems to be quite a lot of residents in this part of the country, where it would scarcely be expected that there would be any."

He stopped suddenly, and stood there, hesitating, while he pondered. He began to suspect that this was where he would find the girl, and that she might have been kidnaped while he was away at the other island.

"There's no knowing who is here," he thought. "Probably some more shipwrecked sailors, and possibly they visited our island and kidnaped Genie. I'll be careful and reconnoiter a bit before advancing openly."

He walked up the path perhaps a hundred yards, and then entered the forest and moved slowly and cautiously, looking ahead as he went, and when he had advanced perhaps another hundred yards, he caught sight of a log cabin in an open place, and stopped to take a survey before going further.

While he was standing there, looking at the cabin, the door opened and a man emerged and came slowly down the path,

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near which Worth was standing. When Worth caught sight of him, he exclaimed in amazement: "It's Ralston!"

The first mate certainly was surprised, for he had supposed that Ralston had escaped and got aboard the ship and had gone with the rest of the members of the expedition. He remembered, in a flash, that Ralston had seemed to like Genie, and he leaped at once to the conclusion that Ralston might have been the cause of the girl's disappearance. He waited till the second mate was close to him, and then stepped out and confronted him.

"Worth!" exclaimed the second mate.

"Yes," was the reply. "Where did you come from?"

"From off the steamer, Ice Queen," was the reply.

"Ah, where is the steamer?" eagerly.

"At the bottom of the sea."

"That's too bad. How did the ship get wrecked?"

Ralston explained the matter, as he had to Genie, and Worth listened with interest, though he was also at the same time wondering whether the girl were there. When he had heard all, he said: "Miss Holman and myself escaped and managed to reach one of the islands, where we have a cabin. But I went to investigate some smoke that we saw on a large island, over four or five miles from here, last evening, and found some men there that had been wrecked; and when I had talked to them awhile, I went back to the island, but found Miss Holman gone. Have you seen her?"

"No," was the reply, "I haven't seen her."

"Yes, he has," said a voice, and Miggins stepped out into view. "He kidnaped the girl and brought her here."

Worth uttered an exclamation. "You scoundrel!" he cried, and leaped upon Ralston.

The next moment Worth and Ralston were engaged in a hand-to-hand combat, and that it was a fierce one may well be supposed, for they had never liked each other, and the kidnaping of Genie had aroused a sudden anger in Worth's breast such as he had never before experienced.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SEARCH FOR GENIE.

Miggins stood near, watching the combat with considerable interest. He had liked Worth better than Ralston, but he felt that he had no call to interfere in the affair. They could settle it between themselves.

The men were pretty evenly balanced, and for awhile the affair was about even, and Miggins could not have guessed which would be the winner. Presently, however, Ralston, who was about to get the worst of it, managed to shove Worth in such a manner that his heel caught against a stone, which caused him to lose his balance and fall, and Ralston fell on top of him and held him in spite of his struggles.

"Get a rope, Miggins, and help me tie him," said Ralston.

Miggins hesitated. "I'm not going to have any hand in the affair," he said. "I won't get the rope, or help you to make a prisoner of him. Worth has always treated me all right, and you must settle your affair between yourselves."

Ralston was angry, but Worth had struck his head against another stone when he fell, and was somewhat stunned, the second mate finally managed to get his hands tied together behind his back, and then both rose.

"Come on up to the cabin," he said, and the three proceeded up the path to the cabin and entered.

Worth had objected to being made a prisoner, as they were coming up the path, and he now again said to Ralston that if he did not let him go, he would be sorry.

"Oh, I don't know about that," was the reply. "I have never liked you, and now that we are on this island in the South Arctic region, we can settle this affair between ourselves."

"You can't keep me here, Ralston," was the reply. "And I will make you wish you had not. What good will it do for us to be at outs with each other?"

"I told you why. I don't like you, and never have."

Worth had greeted the other two men pleasantly, and sized them up. He knew that they were both men that had been in Ralston's watch, and who had not seemed to like him very well, but he knew that Miggins had not disliked him, and so felt that it would be possible for him to make friends soon. What worried him most was as to what fate had overtaken Genie. Miggins, he believed, would tell him whether the girl had been brought to this island, and whether Ralston knew anything regarding her whereabouts, and he decided to wait till he could get a chance to ask him when the others were not around.

Slowly the time passed away, the men sitting around talking till nearly noon, when one of them proceeded to make a fire and cook bacon and make some coffee, which, with some canned food, made up their luncheon. Worth was given something to eat, though he was not hungry. He was thinking of Genie, and wondering where she was and how soon he would be able to get away and continue the search for her.

An hour or so after that, Ralston and one of the men went away to the opposite side of the island, and the other man besides Miggins strolled out presently, and Worth asked the latter if he knew anything about Eugenia Holman's whereabouts.

"Yes," was the reply. "She's over on the island, and in the cabin you built, I think."

"She wasn't there when I came away, nor anywhere on the island."

"But she's there now, I feel certain," and then he told about the affair, and how he had assisted Genie to leave the island on the raft.

"I'm glad you did that," said Worth. "She is probably there now, though Ralston will likely go over there. Set me free, Miggins."

The man went to the door and looked out, and not seeing any of the others, came back and set Worth's hands free.

"I shall get back to the island as quickly as possible," said Worth, and he started down the path to the spot where the raft had been left. He kept a sharp lookout about him, and so did Miggins, who accompanied him. But when they arrived at the point they were heading for, they found that the raft was gone.

"That was about what I expected," said Worth, "and now, what shall I do? Ralston has gone to the island, on the raft, and it is so far I can't swim. Couldn't we build a raft? How about you coming over and staying on our island?"

"I'll help you build a raft," was the reply, "but I would rather stay here. Let's get to work, for the others may come and try to make you a prisoner again. They both favor Ralston."

Miggins got an ax, and they began work at once, chopping trees down, and fastening logs together, till they had a fair-sized raft, and by the time they had it finished, it was almost supper time. The two had not been bothered by the others, and Miggins said probably they had gone with Ralston.

"What I can't understand, however, is, why they went, and why Ralston hasn't got back."

"I fear that they have decided to stay on my island," was the reply; "and in that case I would like to have you accompany me."

"I'll go with you, then. We'll have a bite to eat, and then will start."

They hastened up to the cabin and ate some cold food, and then returned to the raft and got aboard, and began paddling in the direction of the island where Worth and Genie had their cabin. It took them about an hour and a half to reach it, and it was after dark when they got there. They tied the rope to a tree and then made their way to the cabin.

Worth's heart beat somewhat faster as they neared the door, and there was the fear that the girl would not be found there tugging at his heart. He opened the door and looked in. Genie was not there.

"Perhaps she is in her room," he thought, and as the thought crossed his mind, the door to the girl's room opened and she emerged, an eager light in her eyes—for it was not very dark yet, and she could see who was there.

"I am glad you have come, Mr. Worth," she said. "I was beginning to fear that something had happened to you, and I have been somewhat lonesome."

"I will tell you what kept me, presently," was the reply. "You remember Mr. Miggins, who was on the Ice Queen with us, of course."

"Oh, yes, and I am so glad to see him," offering Miggins her hand. "Can you tell me anything regarding the fate of my father?"

The sailor shook his head. "No," he replied, "I wasn't with the party that was on the iceberg with your father, that night, Miss Holman. "I haven't seen him since you did."

They sat down and talked awhile, and Worth explained briefly what had kept him, after which Genie told him her adventures. Then he asked if she had seen anything of Ralston that afternoon, and she said no, that she had been there alone ever since Worth had gone away, the evening before.

"What do you suppose had become of Ralson, Miggins?" asked Worth. "I supposed he had come here."

"That is what I supposed. I don't know where he and the others went."

"Will you stay with us, Miggins? We shall be glad to have you do so."

Miggins hesitated a moment and then shook his head. "No," he said; "perhaps I can do you more good by going back and staying with Ralston and the others. If I can thwart any scheme to injure you, Mr. Worth, I can give you warning, and I will feel more at home over there, anyway, because we have kind of got used to that island."

"Very well, and you are very kind, Miggins. But if you should feel dissatisfied at any time, you have only to come over here, and we shall be glad to have you with us."

"Will you stay till morning?" asked Worth. "You might as well do so, as it is quite a tiresome paddle back to the island, and you are already tired."

"No, I'll go back at once, Mr. Worth, and if Ralston and the others are there, I'll stay and keep watch on them, and will let you know if at any time Ralston makes any plan to try to injure you. I'll be going now. Good night."

"Good night," said Worth and Genie, and Miggins took his departure.

Worth and the girl talked awhile, and then Genie returned to her room, and

(Continued on page sixteen.)

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Judge—You brute! The idea of you calling your wife the last rose of summer and other insulting names.

Plaintiff—Hold on, Judge! I never used that metaphor. You see, a rose dries up some time.

Guarantee of Silence.

Unexpectedly a West Side pastor who encouraged congregational singing gained a new parishioner. Keen though his delight in hearing his people sing, there was one member of his flock whose endeavors he never encouraged. But the man sang without encouragement, much to the discomfiture of pewholders anywhere near him, who claimed that his loud, unmusical voice threw them out of time and tune.

Repeated complaints convinced the minister that somebody would have to assume the responsibility of silencing the ambitious singer. He decided that the man's wife was best fitted for the job. Owing to a difference in religious views husband and wife attended different churches, but the minister knew her so he called and explained his predicament. She was genuinely surprised.

"Do you mean to say he sings?" she said.

"Tries to," amended the pastor.

She thought a minute. "I shall have to come there to church," she said.

"I shall be glad to see you," said the minister, "but what effect will that have on your husband's singing?"

The look she gave him was more significant than words, and they meant a good deal.

"John will never open his mouth when I am around," she said.

And John never has.

The Chase.

"You look warm."

"I have been chasing a hat."

"Did your hat blow off?"

"It was not my hat; it belonged to somebody else and it had a pretty girl under it."

"Did you catch it?"

"Yes. My wife saw me chasing it."

Curiosity Satisfied.

Burly Tramp—Wot's th' good of a little dog like that?

Mrs. Rural—To keep off tramps.

"He, he! wot kin that little critter do?"

"He can bark, and that will wake up the big dogs under the porch."

"Y-e-s, mum. Good day, mum."

WORLDLY WISE.

"I know the world without a doubt,"
Said Socrates McSnook;
"Although I seldom venture out;
I've seen it in a book.

"This world of ours, so round and gran(
Which greatly I admire,
Looks something like an onion and
Its axis is a wire.

"A star is a five-pointed thing,
With angles neatly traced,
A river looks much like a string
'Twixt different countries placed.

"The ocean has a color gay,
Pea green or navy blue,
And every country will display
Its own especial hue.

"A mountain range is queer indeed,
With lines on every side;
'Tis something like centipede
Which has been petrified.

"You do not need to roam about
For useful facts to look;
I know the world without a doubt,"
Said Socrates McSnook.

No Ancestors.

"Have you any ancestors, Mrs. Kelly?" asked Mrs. O'Brien.

"And phwat's ancistors?"

"Why, people you sphrung from."

"Listen to me, Mrs. O'Brien," said Mrs. Kelly impressively, "Oi come from the rale shtock av Donahues that sphring from nobody. They sphring at thim."

Preferred Them Stationary.

"You want the pockets to run up and down, I suppose?" said the tailor.

"No, sir," the irritable customer replied; I prefer stationary pockets. You may make the slits perpendicular, however."—Life.

Different.

His Papa—Have some more butter, Tommy?

Tommy (aged 7)—But you always tell me butter isn't healthy.

His Papa—That's at home; you're at the hotel now; go as far as you like.

TICKLISH TACKLES

Too Complimentary.

He—Smith told me the other day he thought I was suffering from brain fag.

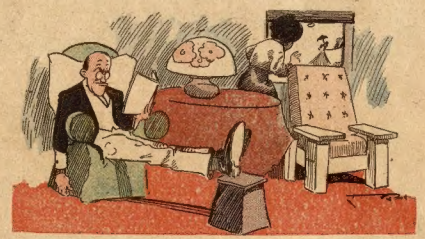
She—Oh, the flatterer!

Follow the Procession.

An Episcopal bishop in a New England State was the guest of a friend during his stay in a small town. The bishop conducted the services Sunday morning and seemed much irritated by the fact that his friend in the body of the church was always five words behind the rest of the congregation during the recital of the Apostles' Creed. At dinner that afternoon the eminent divine turned suddenly to his host and asked, with some asperity: "John, why can't you 'descend into hell' with the rest of the congregation?"

Mrs. Ablee—Mrs. Wilks and the five children are coming to dinner; make five gallons of ice cream.

Mr. Ablee—Only five gallons? Doesn't the baby eat any?



Mrs. Penner—Oh, quick, John, save Willie! He's about to jump off the barn roof with an umbrella!

Mr. Penner—If it's my best silk one I'll thrash the kid.

New Housemaid—That baker's man's a nice-looking chap.

Cook—Him! Why, he's married!

Some Class.

The baby across the car aisle caught sight of the bibulous individual opposite and let out a shrill yell of alarm.

The bibulous person leaned forward. "Baby attendin' college, ma'am?" he asked.

"No, sir," the mother sharply replied, and the baby yelled again.

"Thas ver' funny," said the inebriated one. "There's cert'nly some class to that yell."

Then he gave the child an atrocious wink and fell asleep.

Rebuking a Flirt.

Mrs. Plainface—I have an old coat which, though somewhat worn, is still quite good. Would you like to have it?

Miss Flirtie—What? Do you mean to insinuate that I would wear one of your cast-off garments?

Mrs. Plainface—I didn't know but that you might. You seem to be trying to get my husband.

Fickle Popularity.

"You started with the full confidence of your constituents and now you are criticised on every hand."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, "my experience has been very much like that of a man who good-naturedly consents to umpire a ball game."

The Uplift.

"Is she a help to her mother?" asked one woman.

"Yes, indeed," replied the other. "She has taught her to say 'culinary art' instead of 'cooking.'"

His Answer.

In the recent New York examinations for chauffeurs' licenses was this perfectly civil question:

"If you were going along the road and met a skittish horse what would you do?"

To which the candidate replied:

"I would stop the car, then the engine, and then, if the horse was still skittish, I would take the machine apart and hide it in the grass until he got safely by."

Crying Quits.

Churchwarden Brown—Excuse me, Mr. Smith, but are you aware that you put a false half crown in the contribution plate this morning?

Mr. Smith—Yes; I owe the heathen a grudge for eating a missionary uncle of mine.

A Cheerless Giver.

"I understand that Mr. Pinchpenny has been operated on for appendicitis," remarked Miss Cayenne.

"Yes. It's the first time any one was known to get anything out of him."

"But you see they had to give him chloroform to get that."

"Do you think a man has heart enough to love two women?"

"Well, at least he should have brains enough not to try it."

Not the Same Story.

One would have it that a collie is the most sagacious of dogs, while the other stood up for the setter.

"I once owned a setter," declared the latter, "which was very intelligent. I had him on the street one day, and he acted so queerly about a certain man we met that I asked the man his name, and——"

"Oh! that's an old story!" the collie's advocate broke in sneeringly. "The man's name was Partridge, of course, and because of that the dog came to a set. Ho, ho! Come again!"

"You're mistaken," rejoined the other suavely. "The dog didn't come quite to a set, though almost. As a matter of fact, the man's name was Quayle, and the dog hesitated on account of the spelling!"

Waiting for Results.

Judge—You say you want a divorce for cruelty?

Sad Man—Yes, y'r honor.

Judge—Now, see here! How could a little bit of a woman like that be cruel to a great big fellow like you?

Sad Man—I guess, y'r honor, I'll withdraw the suit and wait for a few years.

Judge—What for?

Sad Man—I'll wait until you've been married a little while y'rself.

A Professional Wish.

"A man looks funny when he forgets to take the price tag off his suit of clothes," said one tailor.

"Yes," replied the other; "and yet I wish it could be made strictly fashionable for customers to wear receipted bills on the lapels of their coats."

Marjorie—I'll get even with her.

Mame—How?

Marjorie—I'll tell her she must have been rather pretty as a girl.

Parallel Cases.

Mrs. Grumpps—There are thousands of occupations in which men have places which women should fill. Why shouldn't women be druggists? Answer me that.

Mr. Grumpps—This cottage pudding isn't good at all. How did you make it.

Mrs. Grumpps—I took a few handfuls of flour and some milk and a few eggs—I forget how many—and some sugar, I think, and I believe I added some salt, and maybe some baking powder—don't know how much; I never measure.

Mr. Grumpps—That's why.

Chance for Athletes.

Farmer—Yes, I want a man. Are you good jumper?

Applicant—Jumper? Well, yes.

"You could jump a barbed-wire fence without much trouble, I s'pose?"

"Um—I s'pose so."

"Well, that's all right, then; you'll do. You see some of our bulls is a leetle wild."

Twelve Months.

Mrs. Murphy—Ol hear yer brother-in-law, Pat Keegan, is pretty bad off.

Mrs. Casey—Shure, he's good for a year yit.

Mrs. Murphy—As long as that?

Mrs. Casey—Yis; he's had four different doctors, and each one av thim gave him three months to live.

Why She Goes.

"Why do you always take your wife on your fishing trips? She doesn't enjoy fishing."

"I know; but we've got to have some one along to clean the fish we catch."

Nearly Out.

Elocutionist—Strike for you altars and your fires! Strike! Till the last armed foe——

Fan—Dat's two strikes, mister! One more an' yer out.

Prize-Ring Scholars.

Mr. Cool—Your son is now about twenty, I believe. Do you intend to send him to college?

Mr. Cute—No, no; it takes at least four years to secure a college education. I am going to save labor, time, and expense by making a prize fighter of my son. Haven't you noticed that a brief experience in the prize ring converts any ignorant pugilist into a scholar? Judging from the interviews and letters to the newspapers, prize fighters write and talk like scholars and gentlemen. Ah, the prize ring is surely a quick education, and in a few months transforms a thick-headed tough into a literary genius.

Suburbanite—I don't see why my cabbages died—I put on sulphate of lime to kill the cabbage worms, and hot soap suds and paris green to kill the cut worms and kerosene oil and arsenate of lead to kill other insects; and still they died!

On the Western Limited.

Bride—Now, don't let people know we are on our wedding tour. Act as if you didn't care a snap for me.

Groom—H'm! that won't do nowadays, my dear. People will think we're on our divorce tour.

Good Shooting.

"Come up to our camp for a few days. The shooting is excellent. Plenty of guides."

Why It's Done.

"Did the mother of the bride cry at the wedding?"

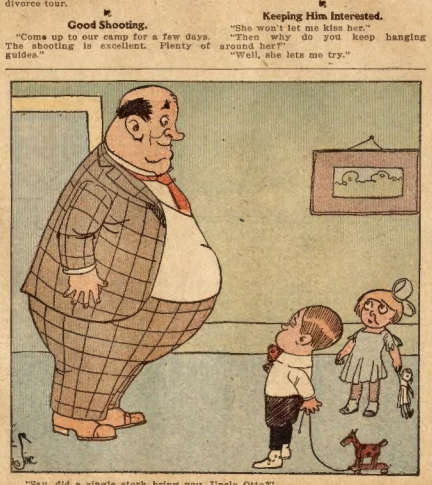
"Yes, indeed. That was the only way she could attract attention to her own gown."

Keeping Him Interested.

"She won't let me kiss her."

"Then why do you keep hanging around her?"

"Well, she lets me try."



"Say, did a single stork bring you, Uncle Otto?"

"Of course!"

"But not all at once!"

Way of the Transgressor.

When Miss Cheney, one of the popular teachers in the Swarthmore schools, had to deal with a boy who played "hookey," she failed to impress him with the evil of his ways.

"Don't you know what becomes of little boys who stay away from school to play baseball?" asked Miss Cheney.

"Yessum," replied the boy promptly. "Some of 'em gits to be good players and pitch in the big leagues."

Satisfactory Reasons.

"I like the house very much and the price strikes me as being extremely reasonable, but——"

"Well?"

"Your advertisement said you had satisfactory reasons for wishing to sell?"

"Yes. You see, I have a wife and three daughters, and I built this house to fit them before hips came back into fashion."

"This," said David, as he threw the stone at Goliath, "will certainly bring the matter to a head." And that's the way it struck Goliath!

Bilkins' Strong Article.

"I see," said Slaters, "that our old friend Bilkins had a strong article in one of the Boston papers the other day."

"Really?" said Binks, incredulously. "I'd never have believed that of old Bilk. What was it?"

"A receipt for pickled onions," said Slaters.

Making Him Useful.

Lady (to tramp who had been commissioned to find lost poodle)—The poor little darling, where did you find him?

Tramp—Oh, a man 'ad 'im, miss, tied to a pole, and was cleaning the windows wiv 'im.

Plunkville News.

"Money has loosened up considerably since the Standard Oil decision."

"So?"

"Yes; Jim Wombat has bought a wheelbarrow that he was hesitating about."

PAPA WOULD HELP.

"I'd like to know my fate tonight," the young man said, in doubt;
"I'll go and call papa," she said,
"And he will help you out."

THE MERRY GOOSE MINE;

Or, Dan Newton's Up-Hill Fight

By WILL LISENBEE

He pitched from the vehicle and fell to the ground.

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I.

A YOUTH of some sixteen years of age, who had trudged wearily along a country road for an hour, stopped in the welcome shade of a spreading elm. His well-worn clothes were covered with dust, as was the valise which he deposited at his feet as he stood sheltered from the fierce rays of the August sun. Before him, a mile away, could be seen the spire of the church in the village of Springhaven.

Dan Newton, for such was the youth's name, was on his way to Springhaven, having walked from the railroad station which was seven miles from the village. He was rather slender, but of athletic build. A pair of deep brown eyes looked from a resolute face that was brown from exposure to the sun.

He seated himself at the foot of a tree, removing his hat that the cooling breeze might fan his heated brow. He was soon interrupted by the sound of approaching wheels. He got up, hoping that he might have a chance to ride to the village. As he did so a rather stylishly-dressed youth, seated in a handsome rig to which was hitched a spirited horse, came around a turn in the road.

As Dan came suddenly from behind the tree the horse shied, came to an abrupt halt, almost upsetting the buggy. The face of the youth in the buggy flamed with sudden anger as he saw the figure by the roadside.

"Say, you tramp, get out of the way—you are frightening my horse!" he cried, flourishing his whip in the direction of Dan.

Dan made no reply, but stood looking calmly at the speaker.

"Did you hear what I said?" demanded the other, with increasing anger.

"Were you speaking to me?" asked Dan quietly.

"You know well enough I was."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, indeed! why don't you get out of my way?"

"Oh, I haven't decided to do so."

"Do you dare talk back to me, you—you vagabond!"

"Sure thing," replied Dan cheerfully. "Why shouldn't I?"

"Do you know who I am?"

"I don't care to make your acquaintance."

"You'll wish you had! Are you going to move out of my way?"

"I don't care to take orders from a young ruffian," replied Dan.

Phil Simpkins was the only son of Colonel Simpkins, one of the richest men in the village. He was something of a bully as well as an upstart, and the words of Dan Newton cut him to the quick.

"For a cent I'd wear this whip out on you!" he threatened.

Dan fished a copper from his pocket and held it to view.

"I'll furnish the capital for the enterprise," he said, with exasperating coolness. "Come on."

Phil hesitated, his face aflame.

There was something in the calm, resolute expression on Dan's face that warned Phil that the strange youth was not one to be bullied without offering resistance. He was displeased and mortified at this discovery. He wished now that he had passed on without giving any notice to the shabby figure by the roadside, but as he had failed to do this, he was determined not to back down from the aggressive position he had taken.

"You had better be careful how you talk back to me!" he warned.

"It is very good of you to give me warning," replied Dan, still holding the copper cent in his fingers, "but I understood you to say you would wear your whip out on me for a cent, and I merely offered to furnish the cent."

"It is probably all you have," said Phil with a sneer. "You had better keep it."

"Just as you please."

"Besides, since I come to think of it," added Phil. "I should not care to lower myself by fighting with a tramp."

"I am not a tramp," said Dan with quiet dignity.

"Then you deceive your looks."

"I might say the same of you."

"How is that?"

"I might have mistaken you for a gentleman if you had not proved to the contrary."

"Do you aim to say I am not a gentleman."

"I don't see how I could say anything else."

"Take that, you beggar!"

Phil leaned quickly forward and made a swift cut with his whip. Dan threw up his arm at the same instant and caught the lash of the whip on his wrist. He felt a sharp, stinging pain, and a red mark across his wrist showed where the lash had struck. With a swift and deft turn of the arm, Dan caught the end of the whip firmly in his hand. The next instant he gave it a violent jerk. Before Phil could relax his hold he was pulled over the side of the buggy, and, losing his balance, he pitched from the vehicle and fell to the ground, while horse and buggy dashed onward in the direction of the village. Mortified and enraged, Phil had barely struck the ground when he rose and dashed at Dan, his face aflame with anger.

"I will teach you a lesson you won't forget, you insolent beggar!" he cried.

Dan stood immovable till the other was almost within his reach, and then stooping quickly, he slipped to one side like a flash and at the same instant tripped Phil, who fell heavily, rolling down an incline into a patch of brambles.

Dan had made no attempt to strike his assailant, nor did he now seek to take any advantage of his fallen antagonist, but stood aloof, gazing calmly at Phil, who was pulling himself from the tangled herbage. The countenance of the latter was a picture of amazement and humiliation. He prided himself on his skill as an athlete, and to be so completely worsted in his first bout with the strange youth, cut him sorely. However, he had no intention of admitting his defeat.

"If I had not slipped and lost my footing, I should have given you a good drubbing," he cried, as he picked up his hat and stood glaring at Dan. "But I was wrong to think of soiling my hands on such as you. You have made an assault on me on the public highway, and that is an offense against the laws of the State."

"Is it?" asked Dan innocently.

"It is," nodded Phil, with emphasis, "and if I do my duty I shall send you to prison."

"In that case you would be apt to keep me company," replied Dan, "for it was you who made the assault."

"You pulled me out of my buggy and assaulted me," replied Phil. "That is not all. You caused my horse to run away, and no doubt the buggy will be wrecked. I shall see that you suffer for it."

With this he turned and ran in pursuit of the runaway horse, leaving Dan to reflect on his words.

"He may try to give me trouble," thought Dan, "but he is to blame. He had no business to call me a tramp and strike me with his whip."

He took up his valise and walked on in the direction of the village.

CHAPTER II.

Springhaven is a small village, with but a few hundred inhabitants. A general merchandise store, kept by Richardson & Co., a water mill, a bank, a grocery store, a blacksmith shop and an inn, constitute the business enterprises of the town.

"There is little chance of my finding work here," thought Dan Newton, as he reached the outskirts of the village. "There is not much to be done in a small town like this, but it was my father's wish that I should come to Springhaven."

Dan Newton was an orphan. His mother had died when he was ten, and a month before the opening of our story his father had followed her to her last resting-place. Basil Newton had at one time been a rich man, but it was well known that he had met with certain reverses, and when his affairs were settled up, it was found that less than a hundred dollars remained. With this meager fortune, Dan was compelled to face the world. But he accepted the situation with cheerful acquiescence.

"I shall have to make my own for-

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This preparation of herbs, leaves, flowers and berries (containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs) is either smoked in an ordinary clean pipe or smoking tube, and by drawing the medicated smoke into the mouth and inhaling into the lungs or sending it out through the nostrils in a perfectly natural way, the worst case of Catarrh can be eradicated.

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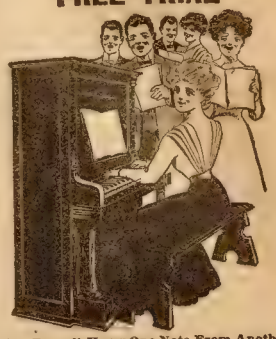
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You keep it seven days to thoroughly prove it is all that is claimed for it, then if you are satisfied, send us $1.50 and one dollar a month until $6.50 in all is paid. If you are not delighted with it, send it back in seven days and you will have risked nothing and will be under no obligations to us.

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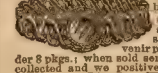

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tune," thought Dan. "My father hadn't a dollar to begin with, but he was a rich man at one time. I am strong and willing to work. I have a fair education for one of my age, and I feel that I shall succeed."

Dan's only living relatives resided in Springhaven; one, a widowed aunt, a sister of his mother, and Benjamin Gurlock, a cousin of his father. Gurlock was a well-to-do retired farmer. He had erected a handsome residence in Springhaven, the most imposing structure in the village, and having a large income from his half a dozen farms, he was regarded as a man of wealth and importance by the people of the town.

Mrs. Hampton, Dan's aunt, lived in a small cottage at the outskirts of the village. The house, with its five acres of land, was the extent of her worldly possessions. Her only income was that which she derived from her work as dressmaker and from the products of her garden and fruits from a small orchard.

She had only two children; Ray, a son of twelve, and Bessie, who was but five. Ray was a bright, industrious youth, and made himself useful by doing odd jobs about the village and working in the garden. But with three to be fed and clothed, the widow often found it hard to make both ends meet. And during a protracted illness two years before she had been compelled to borrow two hundred dollars, to insure the payment of which she had given a mortgage on her house and land.

This was the source of much mental worry to the poor widow, for with an income which barely sufficed to keep the wolf from the door, she saw little prospects of being able to pay off the mortgage when it should become due. Colonel Simpkins, who held the mortgage, was a conscienceless, exacting man who had no sympatny for those who were so unfortunate as to be poor, and Shylock-like, he always stood ready with his scales to exact his pound of flesh. The twenty dollars a year interest, small as it might seem to one in better circumstances, proved to be a heavy burden to the widow, and for the last year, though it was now overdue, it had not been paid.

Dan Newton knew little of his relatives in Springhaven and less of their circumstances, having lived in a distant part of the State, in a small mining town. He would have preferred going to a large city to seek his fortune, or to the gold-fields of the West, had not his father advised him to go to Springhaven.

"You will not only be near those of your kin," his father had said, "but in such a village you will be free from the snares and pitfalls which the great cities set for the inexperienced youth. Besides, I have a lifelong friend in Springhaven—Basil Turkington—Judge Turkington, as he is known, who will be as a father to you, and who will advise you regarding your future career. Judge Turkington is a rich man, and while he would no doubt give you pecuniary aid if you asked it, it is my wish that you refrain from doing so. The best capital is self-reliance, and without this there can be no permanent success. I want to impress this on your mind. Try never to be idle, and above all, avoid getting in debt. Debt is a hard master and one that drives its victims with a sharp lash."

In the years that followed, Dan had occasion to remember these words and to realize their truth.

"I hope my relatives here won't imagine that I have come to ask favors or be a burden on them," Dan thought as he approached the village.

He walked leisurely along the wide, well-shaded street. Few people were astir, for it was near the noon hour and the heat was intense.

Over the door of a modest structure he saw the sign, "White Oak Inn," and toward this he directed his steps.

"I don't think it wise to call on my relatives when I am hungry and covered with dust," he thought. "I don't want them to be ashamed of me at our first meeting."

The inn had a deserted appearance, and it was evident that there was no rush of business. As Dan entered he was greeted by a boy who had been sitting half asleep on a stool behind the counter.

"I want dinner," Dan said, "and I should like to have a room so that I may change my clothes."

"All right," responded the clerk, shoving the register across the counter. "You can write your name there."

Dan took the pen and wrote: "Daniel Newton, Minersville, Mo."

As he was thus occupied the clerk surveyed him critically. The well-worn clothes of the visitor and the shabby valise did not give him a favorable impression of the owner.

"You will have to pay in advance," he said, assuming a brusque and business-like air.

Dan had not traveled a great deal in his life, and in consequence was without experience. But he had a stock of good common sense which no amount of experience can give. He was not taken aback in the least by the clerk's demand and imperious air.

"Yes, you will have to pay in advance," repeated the clerk. "The bill is fifty cents."

"Are you quite sure?" Dan asked, amused rather than vexed at the other's airs

"You heard what I said," replied the clerk.

Dan thrust his hand into his pocket and then stood as if hesitating.

"I have always heard," he said, "that there are two poor paymasters—one who never pays and the one who pays in advance."

"I don't know much about the first," replied the clerk, "for the last one mentioned is the only one that stops here."

"Then I must pay in advance, I see," Dan said, drawing a silver half-dollar from his pocket and dropping it on the counter.

"I guess that breaks you," remarked the clerk, as he lighted a cigarette

But that was easy," replied Dan, picking up the half-dollar from the counter, "I ought to spend it with some one who will treat me with common civility."

The clerk was surprised and taken aback by the unexpected move. Business was not so brisk at the inn that he could afford to drive any of it away. He also knew that his father, who was proprietor of the establishment, would not approve of his conduct. The haughty look on his face changed, and he smiled as if in the best of humor.

"I see you can't take a joke," he said. "So I shall have to apologize."

"No apology is necessary," responded Dan with a laugh. "I had no intention of going elsewhere for my dinner," and he dropped the half-dollar back on the counter.

"Then you were only 'kidding' me?"

"Turn about is fair play."

"That's right. You are smarter than I thought. Come and have a cigar. It is on me."

"Thank you, I never smoke," replied Dan.

"Well, I shan't urge you. It's a costly habit. I wish I could quit it."

"Can't you?"

"I have been trying. I thought I might taper off by using cigarettes."

"They are worse than cigars, I understand."

"It may be so, but they don't seem so strong. I shall have to cut them out also."

He conducted Dan to a room where our hero changed his clothes and removed the stains of travel before coming down to dinner. When he re-entered the office the transformation which his change of attire had made caused the clerk to gaze at him in blank amazement. He had donned a new, well-fitting suit of gray, a pair of patent leather Oxford ties, a white shirt and silk tie, all of the latest style.

"I hope you have taken no offense at my little pleasantry, Mr. Newton," said the clerk in a deferential tone.

"Certainly not," replied Dan.

"I am glad to have you say that. I meant no harm. I hope you won't mention it to the old man—my father, I mean."

"I have no intention of doing so."

"If you should he would trim me to a finish. He is something fierce when he gets mad."

Having eaten his dinner, Dan returned to the office and took an easy chair which the clerk had placed for him by the open window.

"I find that one's clothes have much to do with the treatment a fellow receives," thought Dan.

"Shall you remain long in our little town?" asked the clerk, politely.

"I cannot say," Dan replied. "I am here to visit some relatives."

"Then you have relatives living here?"

"Yes,"

"Then I must know them. I am acquainted with every one in town."

"Very likely," said Dan. "Mrs. Hampton, my aunt, has lived here for a number of years."

"Why, yes, I know her," said the clerk. "As you say, she has lived here ever since I can remember. She has a son near my age, Ray, who does odd jobs about the town, and when not at school, works in the garden."

"I have another relative," went on Dan. "Mr. Benjamin Gurlock, who is a cousin of my father."

"Benjamin Gurlock?" echoed the clerk a look of sudden interest appearing in his countenance. "Why, everybody knows him. He is one of the richest men in town. He lives in a swell mansion and has all kinds of money."

"Is that so?" replied Dan, indifferently. "I knew nothing about his circumstances."

"Oh, yes, he's awful rich," continued

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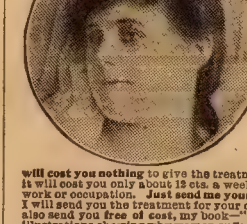

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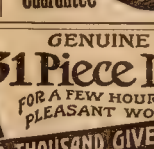

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the clerk. "Have you come to live with him?"

"I shall call and see the family, of course, but I have not thought of making my home there."

While Dan and the clerk were conversing, two persons entered the office. One was Phil Simpkins, the other the constable. Dan recognized Phil as the boy he had had the encounter with on the road to the village that morning.

The constable drew the clerk aside.

"Did a young tramp come in here an hour ago?" he asked.

The clerk showed sudden embarrassment. Then he recovered himself quickly.

"No, sir," he said.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, for I have been here in the office almost constantly."

"Then there must be some mistake," returned the constable. "I was told that such a person came in here about noon."

"Was he wanted?" asked the clerk.

"Yes; he made an assault on Phil, here, on the road north of town this morning, and I have a warrant for his arrest."

CHAPTER III.

Dick Mason—for such was the name of the clerk at the White Oak Inn—had rightly guessed that it was Dan Newton whom the constable was looking for, but he shrewdly held his peace. He had no love for Paul Simpkins, who made himself disliked by his lordly airs and bullying manner, and he rather enjoyed the situation. He felt sure that Phil would not recognize in the well-dressed youth sitting by the window the ill-clad figure that had entered the inn an hour before.

He also felt convinced that, if there had been any trouble between his guest and the village bully, Phil was to blame, and he made up his mind to stand by Dan. Meantime, he resolved to hold his peace and enjoy the amusing situation afforded by the spectacle of Phil and the officer looking in vain for the supposed tramp while the object of their search sat under their very noses, as it were.

"Of course I was absent from the room a few minutes," said Dick, "and it is possible that the tramp you are looking for might have come in during my absence."

"That's right," nodded the constable. "I suppose we shall have to look elsewhere."

"That is not necessary," broke in Dan, wheeling about and facing the constable. "I am the person you are looking for."

Phil and the officer, who had given Dan only a fleeting glance as they came in, now turned to the speaker. The constable gave Dan a quick glance; then a broad grin came over his face.

"I guess you don't answer to the description," he said jocosely, sizing up the well-dressed youth and taking his words as a joke.

"But I am the one you are looking for," insisted Dan, "and I stand ready to answer the charge."

The constable looked perplexed. He turned his gaze from Dan to Phil who was gazing at the speaker in blank amazement.

"Well, what have you got to say to it, Phil?" asked the constable.

Phil hesitated, while he looked searchingly at Dan.

"Why, I guess he's the one we're looking for," he faltered, hardly able to believe that the youth before him was the one he had had the encounter with.

"But you must be sure that you are right," interposed the constable. "This is not a matter to be guessed at."

"I am sure, then," said Phil, doggedly. "Besides, he's already confessed."

"Very well," nodded the constable. "I always want to make sure that I am right before I proceed in a matter of this kind. You said that the one who made the attack on you was a tramp. The young gentleman here is evidently nothing of the kind, but as you identify him as the guilty party, I shall be compelled to serve the warrant. What is your name?" he added, turning to Dan.

Dan gave his name, which the constable wrote in the warrant.

"Mr. Newton," said the constable, "I must place you under arrest."

"Very well, I am ready to go with you," replied Dan, rising.

The constable was favorably impressed with the strange youth, and he suspected that his story of the affair would differ from the one told by Phil. As the three were leaving the office, Dick Mason took his hat from a peg behind the counter, and drawing on his coat, joined them.

"Mr. Newton is my guest," he said, "and if he has no objections I shall accompany him to the justice's office."

"Thank you," said Dan. "I shall be glad to have you come."

The two walked side by side, while Phil and the constable followed close behind.

"Hadn't you better put the handcuffs on him?" said Phil in a low tone.

"I fancy I know my business," replied the officer dryly.

The office of the justice of the peace was a modest affair. It fronted the main street of the town, and over the door, which stood open, hung the sign:

"Ezra Whitwell, Justice of the Peace. "Boots & Shoes Repaired here."

In a small village there is always an evidence of interest manifested by the inhabitants when any one is arrested. Springhaven was no exception to the rule. As the constable conducted his prisoner into the justice's office, the loungers and idlers, scenting a slight diversion from the monotony of an uneventful existence, began to gather into the room. The crowd was joined by even some of the dignitaries of the town, and a score of people soon gathered in the room.

The justice, a mild mannered man, came from his cobbler's bench and took a seat at his desk, and drawing a docket from a spool cabinet, opened it. After reading the charge to the prisoner, he asked:

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"I am not guilty," replied Dan.

"Of course he would say that," murmured Phil.

The justice frowned.

"You were not asked for any opinion," he said; "when you are you can speak."

He next turned to Dan.

"Are you ready to come to trial?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Dan.

"Have you any attorney?"

"No, sir."

"Do you propose to plead your own case?"

Dan looked perplexed.

"I really don't know, sir," he said. "I have had no experience in such business and don't know what I ought to do."

The justice reflected a moment.

"Is this the first time you were ever arrested?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Where do you live?"

"I have no home since my father died, a short time ago."

"Where was your home?"

"In Minersville."

"How did you happen to come here?"

"I have some relatives living here."

"Who are they?"

"Mrs. Hampton and Mr. Benjamin Gurlock. She is my aunt and Mr. Gurlock is a cousin of my father."

"Indeed! Have you visited them since your arrival?"

"No, sir."

"Where were you when the officer found you?"

"At the White Oak Inn."

"Would you like to see your aunt or Mr. Gurlock before going to trial?"

"I think not, sir. I have never seen Mr. Gurlock nor my aunt, and I should hate to trouble them."

"I'll bet he's lying——they are not relatives of his at all!" whispered Phil to the constable.

"You had better keep still," warned the officer.

The justice looked at Dan in surprise. In his experience he was not accustomed to deal with youths who were so considerate of their relatives.

"And is there any one you wish to consult before going to trial?" he asked.

"I think not, sir," replied Dan. "I suppose I shall have to be my own lawyer. I have committed no crime, and I don't feel as if I could afford the expense of paying a lawyer."

"Very well, then, we will begin the trial."

Phil Simpkins was called to the witness stand. He was confused and ill at ease. Thinking at the outset that he had only a tramp to deal with, he thought it would be an easy matter to convict him. But now, that the accused had proved to be a relative of one of the richest men in the town, he was not so sure of the result. He had a cringing respect for wealth and contempt for poverty.

In his statement, which was made in a hesitating manner, he told of his meeting with the prisoner.

"He frightened my horse," he went on to say, "and when I ordered him to get out of the way he assaulted me, dragged me from the buggy and threw me down the embankment. My horse ran away with the buggy and smashed one of the wheels and broke a shaft."

"Did the defendant strike you?" asked the prosecuting attorney, a young deputy who had charge of the case.

"He threw me down," replied Phil.

"I want to know if he struck you?" insisted the lawyer.

"I—I don't remember," replied Phil. "I was excited at the time. I thought he was a robber and might kill me and I got away as quickly as I could."

"You could not say positively that he struck you?"

"No, sir."

"Did the defendant make any attempt to follow you from the spot where the encounter took place?"

"I don't know. I was in a hurry to follow my horse and buggy."

A covert smile lurked about the corners of the lawyer's mouth, and back near the door some one laughed softly. Phil colored with mortification. The lawyer, as soon as he had finished questioning the witness, turned to Dan.

"Do you wish to ask him any questions?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir, if you please." Dan fixed his gaze on the witness.

"What did you say to me when we met this morning?" he asked.

"I cannot remember just what I said," responded Phil.

"You don't seem to have a very good memory. If I should repeat what you said would it help you to remember?"

"I don't know."

"Do you remember calling me a tramp and ordering me to get away from the road?"

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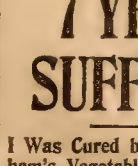

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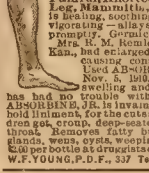

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"I might have said something of the kind."

"You called me a beggar?"

"Yes, I did," nodded Phil, defiantly. "But you insinuated that I was no gentleman."

"I admit it; but what did you do then?"

"I struck at you with my whip."

"Yes, and here is where the lash struck me," and Dan held up his wrist, showing the red mark the whip had made.

"It served you right," snapped Phil.

"What did I do then?"

"You pulled me out of the buggy."

"Did I take hold of you?"

"You took hold of the whip and jerked me out."

"And then what did you do?"

"I intended to give you a good thrashing for your insolence, and I would have done so if I hadn't slipped and fallen," replied Phil, quite forgetting his anxiety to make a case against Dan in his desire to sustain his reputation as a bully.

Dan smiled.

"That is all," he said.

The prosecuting attorney opened and shut his hand with a gesture of annoyance.

"Your honor," he said, rising and addressing the court, "I can see no use of further procedure. I ask that the defendant be discharged, and that the costs be taxed to the prosecuting witness."

"It is so ordered," announced the justice. "Mr. Newton you are discharged."

"Thank you," responded Dan

As he was leaving the courtroom he was accosted by the young attorney. He held out his hand to Dan.

"My name is Wentworth, Percy Wentworth," he said. "I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Newton."

The two shook hands.

"I am pleased to meet you," responded Dan, "which can't be truly said by all prisoners to the prosecuting attorney."

The lawyer laughed.

"That is true enough," he said, "but you must not forget that I met you as an attorney, for you pleaded your own case."

"True, but I am afraid I didn't reflect much honor on the profession," smiled Dan.

"You won your first case, which is better than I did," laughed the lawyer.

He walked to the inn with Dan and Dick, and on parting, asked Dan to come and see him.

"I have an office upstairs in the Richardson store building," he said. "You will find me there most any time."

CHAPTER IV.

Leaving his valise at the inn, Dan went to call on his relatives. The home of Benjamin Gurlock stood but a short distance from the inn. It was surrounded by a spacious lawn, shaded by noble elms. Dan found Mr. Gurlock lying in a hammock in a shady nook on the lawn. He was a man of fifty or thereabouts with a rather severe countenance. He rose to a sitting posture as Dan approached, eyeing our hero critically.

"I beg your pardon if I have disturbed you," said Dan. "This is Mr. Gurlock, I believe?"

"That's my name. Anything I can do for you young fellow?" he asked.

"Nothing at all," assured Dan. "I am the son of Basil Newton, a cousin of yours, and I merely called to pay my respects."

"Eh? What? you are Basil's son?" he grunted

"Yes, sir," replied Dan. "I suppose you heard of the death of my father?"

"Yes—yes. He died in poor circumstances, I hear." He held out his hand. "I suppose I ought to be glad to see you," he added, "but I can't deny that I am much disappointed in you. I never supposed that a son of poor Basil would turn out to be vicious."

"I hope you don't think that of me," replied Dan.

"I just learned that you were arrested soon after you came to town, charged with assaulting the son of Colonel Simpkins."

"That is true," replied Dan. "But I was not guilty."

"I understand that you were discharged, but that does not always signify that one is innocent."

"Perhaps not," remarked Dan, "but I did nothing to be ashamed of."

"Still it hurts a boy's reputation to be arrested I suppose you are without a home."

"Yes, sir."

"Your father was very imprudent in business affairs. I always said that, though he was fortunate enough to escape disaster for a time. I suppose you expect me to give you a home?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"That shows your good sense. As I have no employment for you, it would be nothing less than an act of charity to take you."

"I shall not be dependent on any one," declared Dan. "I am strong and willing to work, and I shall make my own way."

"Such a resolution does you credit," replied Mr. Gurlock, much relieved, "Shall you stay long in Springhaven?"

"I think not. There seems little chance to get work here in so small a village, and as I must make my own living, I shall have to go elsewhere."

"That is right, though, since I come to think of it, you might get work on a farm in this neighborhood. If you should desire a recommendation, I should be willing to give one, as you are a relative, trusting to your honor to bring no discredit upon me."

"I shall not trouble you," replied Dan. "I have formed no plans yet as to my future."

"As you please. Most boys who have to shift for themselves would jump at the chance of having a recommendation from me."

"I should rather stand on my own merits."

"You appear to have an unwarranted amount of pride," remarked Gurlock, not flattered at the boy's refusal of his offer. "While pride in a proper degree is commendable, it may be carried to an extreme."

"No doubt," commented Dan

"Do you intend to learn a trade?"

"I have not decided."

"It is time you had."

They were interrupted by the approach of Mrs. Gurlock. She was a tall, spare woman of forty-five, with a keen, inquisitive face.

"Mrs. Gurlock, this is the son of Basil Newton, my cousin," said Gurlock.

She held out her hand grudgingly.

"Is this the boy that was arrested this morning?" she asked, uneasily.

"Yes, Mary," replied Gurlock. "It was a very unfortunate affair, and I regret that it should have occurred."

"Will they send you to jail?" she asked, turning her gaze to Dan.

"I hope not," Dan replied, determined to make no further explanations.

"He was discharged," interposed Mr. Gurlock. "It was probably done on our account, after learning that his father was a relative of mine."

"No doubt," sanctioned his wife. "You ought to feel very grateful to us," she added, addressing Dan.

"What for," asked Dan, innocently. "For being the means of keeping you out of jail," snapped Mrs. Gurlock. "It

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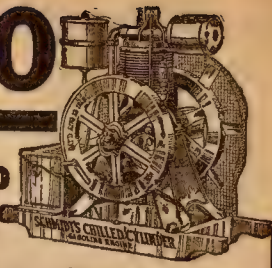

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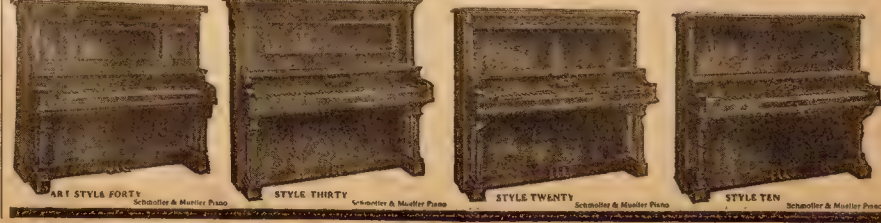

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Thin folks! Weak folks! Here's flesh, ability, health for YOU. No drugs! Nature's true remedy. Fattening, life-giving tonics, extracted from SPECIAL FOOD PRINCIPLES—scientifically combined, highly concentrated. Marvelously sure, certain, safe. Quick results. Get $1,000 Guarantee. Learn what 25,000 delighted users think of Kada-Yaga, this Drugless Wonder. Send 10 cents for proof-box six days' supply. Watch yourself build up. Note your new energy. JAS. K. ALLISON, Dept. 994 647 W. 43d St., New York, N. Y.

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HER-CU-LIN, the strength developer for men's Vitality, quickly gives results. This New Improved Method quickly gives you powerful Virile invigoration. If you still have ambition to enjoy life send us your name and address only and we will send you a Full Proving Size PACKAGE to try, in plain package. Nothing sent C. O. D. Address

THE M. OSWALD CO., 318-33 West 42d Street, New York

$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men.

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have it Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3791 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

was out of respect for your relationship to my husband."

Dan laughed.

"Do they send every one to jail who is not a relative of Mr. Gurlock?" he asked.

Benjamin Gurlock frowned.

"Such flippant manner and levity is entirely out of place," he remarked reprovingly.

"Mercy on us! how hardened he is!" exclaimed Mrs. Gurlock.

"I am afraid that is only too true," nodded her husband gravely.

"Has he come to ask you to give him a home?" she asked, in evident alarm.

"Well, no; he proposes to make his own way in the world."

"That is something in his favor," said Mrs. Gurlock, greatly relieved.

"Thank you," said Dan, a faint smile hovering about his lips. "I am glad to learn that I have one redeeming quality."

"I am always willing to extend a helping hand to youths who have to make their own way in the world," replied Mrs. Gurlock, failing to detect the note of irony in Dan's tone, "by giving them encouragement and advice."

"You have a kind heart, Mary," said her husband, "and no doubt our young kinsman will, if not now, appreciate it when he grows older."

"I hope so," she said.

The conversation drifted to other topics, and presently Dan rose to go.

"Won't you stay to take tea with us?" asked Mrs. Gurlock, condescendingly.

But Dan declined with thanks.

"I am going to call on my aunt," he said, and bidding the two a good afternoon, he quitted the precincts of the Gurlock mansion and shook the dust from his feet in going.

"I suppose they would have given me a warmer greeting if I had been rich," Dan thought. "It is strange how readily Wealth shuts the door in the face of Poverty. But outside the door lies all the world, with its unlimited opportunities to rise. Maybe it is best after all."

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money can buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

Climbing the Barrier.

(Continued from page nine.)

Worth lay down in his bunk, and soon both were sound asleep.

CHAPTER XV.

BACK IN THE WORLD.

Next day Miggins returned to the island, and told Worth and Genie that Ralston and the others were not at the cabin, and that he did not know what had become of them.

"I will stay here with you folks, I guess," he said; "for we were about out of provisions, anyway, and you seem to have a pretty good store."

"Yes, we shall be glad to have you stay with us," was the reply.

That evening Worth and Miggins talked it over, and decided that it would be well to investigate the large island, and see what the men there were doing, and whether Ralston and the other two men were there. Miggins said he would go, and did so, starting soon after dark and paddling at a fair rate of speed.

When he reached the island, he made a careful reconnoiter of the spot where Worth had said he would find the men in question, and they were not there.

"I'll search for them," he murmured. "They are likely somewhere on the island."

He set out, and put in several hours, looking everywhere on the island, but did not find the men, so finally returned to the little island, and reported to Worth the result of his search.

"You're sure the men are not on the large island, Miggins?" asked Worth.

"Yes," was the reply. "I looked everywhere.

"They must be on some other island."

"Possibly."

Worth and Miggins took turns at looking for the men on the other islands, searching one or two of the islands each day, without finding any signs of the men Ralston and his two companions and the other men that Worth had seen were not to be found. They had disappeared, and although Worth, Miggins and Genie talked regarding the matter quite a good deal, they could not figure out where the men had gone.

"I wish we could get back to the outer world again," said Genie, one evening as they were discussing the situation. "Do you think we will ever be able to get away from here?"

"I hope so," replied Worth. "We wouldn't want to stay here all the rest of our lives."

"And if those other men have gotten away, we ought to be able to do so."

"Yes, and we will keep on hoping that we shall find some way of reaching the outer world again."

Days and weeks passed, and still they did not learn anything regarding the disappearance of the men who had been on the other islands, and then the provisions began to run low.

"We may as well make an effort to get back to the outer world," said Worth, one evening. "We will be without provisions soon, and had better start while we have enough food to keep us."

"That's what I think," said Genie.

"And I," said Miggins. "We can't stay here always, and might as well make a start one time as another."

The others agreed with Miggins in this statement, and next morning they began making preparations to start. They crossed to the plateau the following day, and made the journey across it, pulling the sleds behind them, and when they reached the Great Barrier, they descended to the lower plateau, and proceeded on on their way.

When they reached the outer Barrier, they descended and went into camp for awhile, it being their intention to wait till a sail was sighted, which might happen at any time, or might be delayed for weeks or months. The best they could do was to be there at the outer edge of the ice fields and wait for a sail, and this they did. They were there about three weeks, when they caught sight of one, and Miggins hastened up onto the top of the outer Barrier and hoisted a signal on the end of a pole.

The signal was seen from the ship, and when the vessel was as near as it could come, a boat was lowered and some sailors came ashore, and Worth, Genie and Miggins were taken to the ship, where they were given a cordial welcome.

The ship was one that was on its way back to the United States, and the three South Pole adventurers arrived in New York in due time, Genie going to her home over in New Jersey, only to find that her father had not been heard from.

Then she went to the home of her aunt in New York, and was received kindly. That lady had not heard from Mr. Holman, and was sorry to learn that the ship had been lost. She told Genie she would never hear what had become of her father, and that he had been lost when the ice plateau parted. The girl was deeply grieved, of course, though her aunt's fears only confirmed her own.

"You will have a home here with me always, Genie," said her aunt; "or as long as you wish to stay. From your conversation, however, I am inclined to think that you won't stay here very long but will probably have a home of your own, for that first mate, Mr. Worth, seems to have made quite a favorable impression."

Genie blushed slightly, and said: "Mr. Worth is a splendid man, and I like him, but I don't know that I shall ever marry."

Genie's aunt smilingly remarked that perhaps Mr. Worth might help her to decide the matter in favor of matrimony, and the woman's prognostication proved to be correct, for a few months later Worth and Genie were married.

Though they made every effort possible, they never learned what became of Mr. Holman or of Ralston and the other members of the expedition, nor of the men that were on the large island that Worth reconnoitered. Genie mourned sincerely the loss of her father, whose plans had come to nought.

As an expedition to discover the South Pole the trip was a failure, but Worth and Genie felt they might never have come to know and love each other had it not been for the journey beyond the Great South Barrier.

The end.

The Boundary Line.

The friends of a couple in Cleveland, in whose household no doubt exists as to who is the head of the family, tell an interesting story relative to the last trifling passage at arms between husband and wife.

One evening just before dinner the wife, who had been playing bridge all the afternoon, came in to find her husband and a strange man (afterward ascertained to be a lawyer) engaged in some mysterious business over the library table, upon which were spread several sheets of paper.

"What are you doing with all that paper, Henry?" demanded the wife.

"I am making a wish," meekly responded the husband.

"A wish?"

"Yes, my dear. In your presence I shall not presume to call it a will."

There are times when it is better to be imposed upon than it is to fight.

Cure Your Rheumatism

50,000 BOXES FREE!

Deformity of the Hands in General, Chronic, Articular Rheumatism.

Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Pain in the back have been cured, in the real meaning of the word, by a little Still-ingia, Iodide of Potassium, Poke Root, Guaiac Resin and Sarsap: rilla. Any person can take these remedies in any reasonable amount with perfect safety, and the results have been found to be astonishing. It has been proven that this combination makes up the best rheumatism remedy in existence, having actually cured many stubborn cases of over 30 and 40 years' standing—even in persons of old age.

The five ingredients mentioned above prepared with great accuracy and skill not only in regard to proportion, but also in selecting the best material, have been put up in compressed tablet form, and are called

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FREE **STUART'S PLAS TR PADS** are different from the painful trusses, being made self-adhesive purposely to hold the rupture in place without straps, springs or spring—assed slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Process of cure is natural, so no further use for trusses. We prove what we say by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write name on coupon and mail TODAY. Address—

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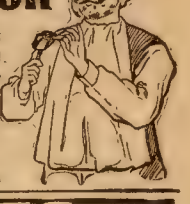

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Why despair, if others have failed; send at once for a treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O. address.

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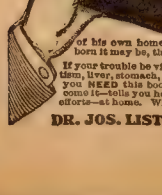

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Men, do you wish to get well surely and quickly and safely by your own personal efforts, in the privacy and secrecy of your own home? If so, if you are earnestly and really determined to get well, if you are tired of waiting on doctors who do not cure, if you are tired of spending money for **NOTHING** of health value, if you want to end disappointment, write today for this **FREE BOOK FOR MEN.**

It tells **ALL** about men's ailments in a way **ANY** man can understand and **PROFIT** by. It gives a man a mental **GRASP** and **WORKING** knowledge of his condition. But—best of all—it gives him **POWER** over it in a manner as it shows him plainly **WHAT TO DO**—in the quiet and privacy of his own home—to get rid of his trouble. No matter what it may be, or how old and stubborn it may be, this book tells him just what to do.

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DR. JOS. LISTER & Co., 508 Northwestern Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

The Luck of Gregory.

(Continued from page six.)

the house; but though it fell partly on the dog, Ajax held on to the leg of his quarry like grim death, and indeed, it seemed as though nothing but a sudden demise, and then the action of a steel bar could ever pry those set teeth from their fearful grip. The young man went down, and as he did so the fellow twisted around until his terrified face came in full view.

"Oh! good evening, Mr. Gomez. To what am I to attribute this very early morning call?" he asked, pleasantly, holding the candle so that it lighted up the scene.

This story, developing very thrilling happenings, will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming year.

HIS MISTAKE.

"I spent an hour with Mrs. Toplofty this afternoon," began Mrs. Jamesworthy, "and she——"

"Oh, of course she showed you a new aeroplane with a lot of pink ribbons on it," interrupted Jamesworthy, "and now you won't give me a minute's peace until we have a dirigible balloon. I tell you, Mrs. Jamesworthy, I'm not in the mood to listen to any fresh schemes for spending my hard earned pistoles. All day long I am borne down, almost crushed by my burden of business cares, and when I come home in the evening the first thing I hear is a spiel about a new traction engine Mrs. Toplofty has bought or a new flagpole Mrs. Bejinks got at a rummage sale. Then, knowing that my heart is too big for my body, you work me for whatever you want and I yield, against my better judgment."

"If you would listen to me a minute instead of indulging in this rigmarole——"

"I have listened to you too often. It's because I have spent the best years of my life listening to you that I have no deposit in the postal savings bank. I have listened to you with both ears and what has become of my account in the Building and Loan Association? I have listened to you on the day and night shifts and here is a notice from the bank saying I have overdrawn my account by $28 and if I don't loom up at the cashier's window and straighten things I'll be run out of town. Listening to you has been my undoing. Other men look forward to an old age of comfort and freedom from financial worry, but what have I to look forward to? Nothing but the privilege of buying tin battleships and moving picture films and other fool things to please my wife, whose highest ambition is to throw thalers at the kingfishers."

"Would you talk to another woman as you do to your wife?"

"I don't need to. No other woman asks me to build porches on top of the house and blow myself for swinging chairs. No other woman sits up at night trying to figure out ways and means to send me to the poor farm. I have been an easy mark long enough and you can't work me for any more expensive dofunnies. If Mrs. Toplofty has been urging you to equip the roof of the house with an observatory, let her put up the money. After this I'm not going to spend money for anything that we don't really need. The worm has turned, Mrs. Jamesworthy. The master of the household sets down his foot and says, 'Thus far shalt you go, and no farther.' In words to that effect. Mrs. Toplofty and all the other extravagant dames who give you bad advice can go hang themselves. Hereafter this humble home will be the abode of economy."

"I was about to say, when you interrupted me with your eloquent discourse, that I had a talk with Mrs. Toplofty, who has just returned from New York, where she spent three months."

"And I suppose she saw the Flatiron building and thinks I ought to buy it for you. Well, I won't do it. You don't need any Flatiron buildings."

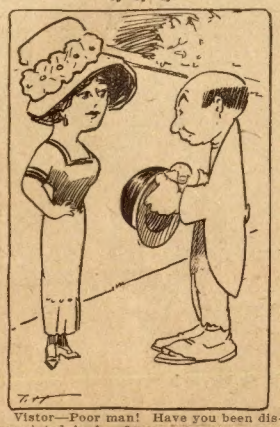
"Mrs. Toplofty," continued Mrs. Jamesworthy, in cold, emotionless tones, "attended one of the greatest cooking schools in the world. That was her object in going to New York. It cost a great deal of money, but she assures me that her husband paid the bill with enthusiasm and never said a word about going to the poor farm. Mrs. Toplofty learned things about cooking that she never heard of before. She has learned how to prepare meals that would please any epicure and how to economize in doing so. She can prepare a beautiful meal at less cost than the average mess of meat and potatoes. She and I always were good friends and she volunteered to teach me all I want to know, so I am to get for nothing what she paid a lot of money for. She didn't mention tin battleships or aeroplanes. She didn't threaten to send anybody to the poor farm. She——"

"Oh, thunder and lightning! What's the use of rubbing it in? Didn't you say something the other day about wanting a muzzle loading parasol, or something like that? Well, here's $20 that I don't need."

Our Geographical Names.

While most of the States of the Mississippi Valley, besides countless rivers and lakes in all parts of the country, bear Indian names, but a small number only of the towns that are the work of the white man have adopted names borrowed from the original owners of the land. Not one in ten, it has been pointed out, of the 150 large cities has an Indian name, and among those that have it is usually an adoption from some neighboring lake or stream.

The early explorers and settlers have left their racial marks. Up the Hudson and Mohawk the trail of the Dutchman is pretty clear. The French influence in northern New York and Vermont and along the line of the Great Lakes is familiar in many names. Mississippi has no "saints" in its list, whereas, across the river, Louisiana, by nine parishes and many towns, rivers and lakes, perpetuates the religious tenets of its early settlers. Kentucky and Tennessee evidence the vocabulary of the hunter and trapper; Montana and Idaho that of the miner. All the region acquired from Mexico, particularly southern California, maintains, in its place-names the memory of its Spanish explorers and settlers. There are relatively few Indian names on the Pacific coast. North of the Spanish belt capes and towns frequently reflect the loyalty of early settlers to the older States of the Union.



Visitor—Poor man! Have you been disappointed in love?
Hermit—No, lady—only in matrimony.

Music by Electricity.

The "telharmonium," invented by Dr. Thaddeus Cahill, furnishes what is called "electric music," not merely as a transmitter and imitator, but as direct producer of musical tones by means of alternating electric currents. By combining these currents in different ways the operator at the keyboard produces different qualities of tone. Dr. Cahill has recently made improvements which render the instrument capable of producing all sorts of entirely new tones of its own, while its imitation of trumpets, horns, viols and violins may be so perfect as to deceive even the practiced ear of a musical hearer. A single receiver, it is said, responds satisfactorily to any sound from deepest bass to highest treble, and from a single note of pure tone to a full chord of composite tones.

Monument Bent by Heat.

The towering Washington monument, solid as it is, cannot resist the heat of the sun poured on its southern side on a mid-summer's day without a slight bending of the gigantic shaft, which is rendered perceptible by means of a copper wire 174 feet long hanging in the center of the structure and carrying a plummet suspended in a vessel of water. At noon in summer the apex of the monument, 550 feet above the ground, is shifted by expansion of the stone a few hundredths of an inch toward the north. High winds cause perceptible motions of the plummet, and in still weather delicate vibrations of the crust of the earth, otherwise unperceived, are registered by it.

Dangerous Pins.

Owing to a number of accidents which have been caused in the streets and on street cars by the long hatpins worn by women, the Budapest police are carrying on an active crusade against this part of fashionable headgear. At first they tried prosecuting the wearers, but this proved so tedious and costly a procedure that it has been abandoned. The police are now instructed to stop any woman wearing projecting hatpins without protectors, and confiscate the offending articles on the spot as endangering the public safety. About 1,200 hatpins have already been seized in this way, and are now preserved in the police museum.

GREAT DOLL COMBINATION

LIFE SIZE DOLL, GO-CART, 5 PIECE FURNITURE SET & BABY DOLL

ALL FREE

10 Different Doll Presents All Given

This is positively the most liberal and biggest Doll Offer ever made. All are given **Absolutely Free** to advertise and introduce my business in your locality. All that is required is a few minutes—at the outside not over half a day of your time.

Our life-size doll is bigger than the ordinary baby—a foot and a half high. She is beautifully and stylishly dressed from head to toe, including large picture hat, trimmed with plume, lace, etc., fancy sateen dress with yoke, complete underwear, stockings, slippers with buckles, etc. Bisque body, jointed arms and legs, long curly waxen hair; opens and closes her eyes.

Dolly's buggy or go-cart is substantially made and amply large enough for dolly to sit in, as shown in the above picture. It is guaranteed to run smoothly. Dolly's little chatelaine watch looks just like a real watch, and she is very proud of it.

Our little baby doll is very sweet and lovely, with long hair.

The five piece furniture set is the cutest doll set you ever saw—regular dining-room table already set up and four upright dining-room chairs.

Just imagine the good times the little girl can have dressing dolly, making clothes for baby doll, and taking both out riding in the go-cart, serving dinner and tea, etc., etc.

Do not forget our little doll's playhouse, which is given extra for promptness, as explained elsewhere in this offer.

This handsome little Doll's House is decorated in colors, with painted chimney, windows, porch, etc. It is given extra and in addition to the other nine presents included in this offer, **just for promptness.** Send me your name **promptly**—at once, and get this nice little Doll's House as an extra present to complete the combination.

No Money If you want my ten grand doll premiums, simply send me your name today. I will then send you twelve of my new-style, large, 16x20 inches, all **gold** and made especially for me, none like them on the market. You distribute these gold text pictures free on my special plan—collecting 25c with each picture. Then you send me the $3.00 collected and the same day received, I will ship you the big dressed doll, go-cart, five-piece dining-room set, baby doll, doll's chatelaine watch, and also doll's house for promptness—not one, but **all ten presents.**

If you do not care to distribute my new gold text pictures on my easy plan, after receiving them, they can be returned at my expense. Nearly everyone, however, who sees my new pictures and hears about my new plan, will jump at the offer, and you can do the distributing in a very little time. All you need to do now is to send your name and address without delay. My Company is a two and a half million dollar corporation, and I furnish the highest references. I run all the risk, guarantee my presents, pay all postage and take back goods. Don't fail to send me your name at once and take advantage of this wonderful offer now.

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We give you two cents out of every nickel you take in as your share of the profits. The **Agent's Outfit is Entirely Free,** and there is no expense of any kind. You pay us nothing till your papers are sold. You do not have to pay for papers you cannot sell. No experience necessary.

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I will accept the agency. Please send me agent's outfit and bundle of papers and instructions.

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State ..... Date ..... 1912 Age .....

This Woman Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

Write To Her

She Will Gladly and Freely Tell You How She Did It

For over twenty years the husband of Mrs. Margaret Anderson was a drunkard. Ten years ago she stopped his drinking entirely. She did it with a simple, inexpensive home remedy which anybody can use, and if you wish to stop a friend or relative from drinking she will gladly tell you just what it is. She has already given this information to hundreds in all parts of the world and we advise every one of our readers who has a dear one who drinks to WRITE TO HER AT ONCE. The remedy is perfectly safe and easy to use and the drinker's knowledge or consent is not necessary. Mrs. Anderson requests that you do not send her money. She only desires that you are personally interested in saving one who drinks. Write her then with trust and confidence. She will reply in a sealed envelope. Her address is: MRS. MARGARET ANDERSON, 304 Pine Avenue, Hillburn, N. Y.

NOTE—Please write name and full address plainly

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Little Stories

Reward of Civility.

A word to the waiter who is inclined to frown over a small tip and to yield to the impolite, but soul-satisfying act of passing it back to the donor, is contained in the following story from Palm Beach. Mayhap, also, it has a word of suggestion for the givers of small tips.

A wealthy but eccentric New Yorker arrived at the hotel early in the season, and Scott took charge of his table. He took his three meals at the same hour each day. At the end of the first he solemnly handed the waiter 1 cent. Scott was wise, so he bowed and showed his teeth and said "Thank yuh, suh." The next meal the same thing happened, and so on to the end of the three months. Scott waited on him with the greatest punctillousness at every meal and never hinted that the tip he got was not perfectly satisfactory.

After he had finished his last meal the visitor said to the waiter: "Scott, how long have I been here?"

"Jes ninety days, suh," was the answer.

Chesterfieldian.

When the late Tom Johnson started in life he drove a horse car in Indianapolis.

One night there was a big storm of sleet and snow and the tracks were almost hidden. Johnson was on the night shift, and in the storm he drove his car two blocks beyond a curve before he realized the car was off the tracks and slipping on the ice.

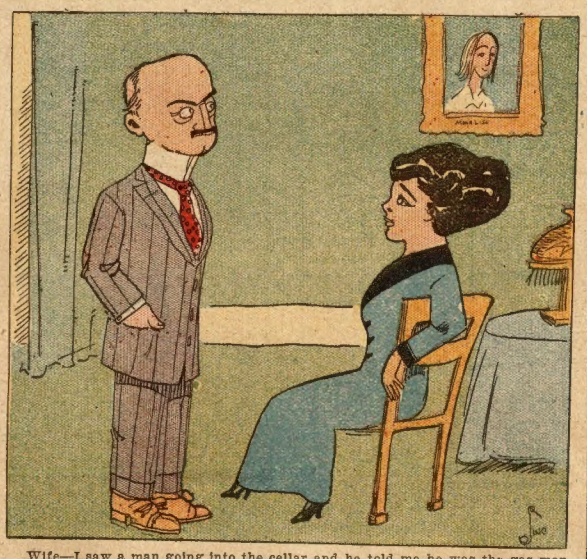
He tried to pull the car back and failed. Thereupon he unhitched the horses, drove them back to the barn and left the car where it was.

Next day the superintendent called him. "Here, Johnson," he said, "what do you mean by driving a car off the track and then leaving it in the street?"

"Why," Johnson replied, suavely, "that's in the rules for drivers and conductors."

"In the rules for drivers and conductors?" roared the superintendent. "Where, I'd like to know?"

"Certainly," replied Johnson. "It says



Wife—I saw a man going into the cellar and he told me he was the gas man who had come to take the state of the meter.

Husband—What did you say?

Wife I told him I had hoped he were only a burglar.

"I have given you something after each meal, haven't I?"

"Yes, suh."

"How much does it amount to?"

Scott told him. "Have you got all these pennies?" the visitor asked.

Scott said he had, and the visitor told him to bring them. Scott returned with a bag of pennies and handed them over.

"I'll take them," said the man. "Now this is yours," and he handed over to the waiter ninety dollars.

A Remarkable Hand.

"I have seen some very remarkable whist hands," said one of the bridge fiends in a downtown club recently. But once, about four years ago, I saw one man hold all thirteen trumps."

"Why, that's not so extraordinary," two or three players broke in all at once, "that's happened lots of——"

"Hold on till I'm through. What made this hand remarkable is that the man who held it took only one trick."

"Nonsense! What are you——"

"It's a fact. When he trumped his partner's ace first time round, his partner got up and threw him out of the window."

Easy Money.

Veering trotted blithely to business. He had arisen before daylight and worked two hours at clearing up the yard around his house. The thought of the pleasant surprise awaiting his wife brought forth a chuckle.

At luncheon Mrs. Veering remarked: "That man did his work remarkably well."

"W-what man?" gasped Veering.

"The man you engaged to clear away the rubbish in the yard. He was just finishing when I came down this morning and I gave him a dollar."

always to be polite to passengers. Do you remember the kind of a night last night was? Well, there was a lady on my car who didn't have an umbrella and she lived two blocks from that curve. So I drove her home."

In Jail for Life.

Chauncey M. Depew tells this:

An old negro was brought to trial in a Southern town for stealing a chicken.

"'Rastus," said the judge before pronouncing sentence, "I am about to give you two months in the workhouse. Have you anything to say for yourself?"

"Good, Gawd, boss!" exclaimed the old man. "Two months! For stealin' one hen!"

"Have you anything to say?" repeated the judge sternly.

"All I got to say is, boss," declared the negro, "'tain' no use to sen' me to no jail for two months for stealin one chicken, 'cause ef I spent two months in jail for ev'y chicken I done stole I mought as well done been bawn in jail."

Some Excuse.

A young schoolma'am in a rural district required written excuses from parents or guardians for absence or tardiness. Here are two she received:

"Please excuse Willys absence on Tewsday as I kneaded him all day."

"Please excus Nelly's being tardy on Wensday. She fell in the mud by doing the same you will greatly oblidge her mother, Mrs. Jackson."

Beecher "Hollered."

Coming home from the morning service one Sunday Dr. Beecher threw himself on a lounge and said, in a tone of deep dejection: "I believe that was the worst sermon I ever preached." One of his daughters protested that she had energetic. "O, yes," was the impatient reply, "when I haven't anything to say I always holler."

seldom heard him when he was more

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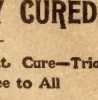

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Tommy—No; I only know he doth it!

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What do we see? Terrifically long and austere looking corsets; tiny (as possible) shoes, uppers bulging over the vamps; various restrainers, retainers, detainers (names unknown); perspiration disinfectants; blackhead eradicators; pimple specifics, and mobod medicine. Strewed around a few candy boxes; maybe an exerciser on the wall. These "properties" signify that at various times this pleasant room is the scene of fashionable tortures, of heart-burnings, of fallings from grace. Here the poor lady gasps into her retainers, her harness. Here she hides her fat-caused pimples, perspiration, blackheads; here, when her spirit is weak, she forsakes the exerciser for the deadly candy box. What a life—what a fourth dush!

Avoidable? At Marmola Prescription Tablet, taken after each meal and at bedtime, will reduce that fat (a pound a day) down to the firm flesh beneath; banish the fat-caused blemishes; give a license to eat all the candy, etc., craved, and sleep as long as one desires. Investigate; tender seventy-five cents to your druggist for a box, or write the Marmola Co., 1238 Farmer Bldg, Detroit, Mich. Do not be timid—Marmola Tablets are safe—being made strictly in accordance with the famous, fashionable formula: ½ oz. Marmola, ½ oz. Fl. Ex. Cascara Aromatic, 2½ oz. Peppermint Water; consequently, go ahead—without fear. A month will emancipate you.

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Forging a Spoon.

A teaspoon blank requires a rectangular strip, seven-sixteenths by four and one-half inches, and weighs at the start a little more than an ounce. The forger's first move is to strike the blank on its side edges with the big hammer, roughly marking the division of the bowl and the handle. Then with a few additional blows the stem is narrowed, and at the same time thickened. The division for bowl and spoon is, as the cooks said, a matter of "jedgment," but it is not far from two-fifths allowed for bowl and three-fifths for handle.

The blows next fall on the broader surface, and are delivered with the peen end of the big hammer, struck horizontally along the surface. This lengthens and spreads the stock, and it becomes ridgy and shovel-like in appearance.

The metal soon resents such severe treatment, and as often as it hardens must be taken to the blow pipe. Another course, with the peen hammer striking lengthwise blows along the tip and bowl, further lengthens the spoon, spreading the tip, and greatly broadening the bowl. Not unlikely still another course will be required before it is properly thicknessed and spread to receive the pattern outline.

In each course described the forger must have continually in mind the necessary grading for thickness. A good hammer provides a liberal toe to the spoon (the toe being the point furthest removed from the tip), so that the wear of many years which comes hardest at this point will not cut into the bowl outline. If a tip at the back is to be struck up, enough stock for it must be left at this point. A top calls for a corresponding die, for except it is needed for a single spoon only, the filing on of a tip is too lenghty and costly. The stem must be left thick and rigid, and the bowl even and strong, so that there will be no tendency for it to buckle and break after it is shaped, a fault that we find often enough in the old coin spoons, and one that patchwork can never make good.

Dutiful Girl.

Father and mother, both elderly, and daughter—they were evidently returning from a bit of an outing at Riverside Park. The mother was quite feeble and it was well worth seeing the gentleness and care with which the daughter aided her wavering footsteps as she helped the mother on the car.

"Now for you, pop," said the young girl, as she took hold of the father's hand and pulled him on the car, laughing gayly as she did so. The father wore a bronze button at his coat lapel, showing that he was a veteran who had fought for his country. He was somewhat deaf, too, as could be seen, for he put his hand to his right ear as the girl spoke to him. She seated herself between the two and took off her hat. It must be admitted that, though plain and featherless, it was big enough to be in style, and she took it off that mother and father might sit nearer to her. And she talked and talked, better than a paid entertainer, and the old people looked so proud and so happy.

The daughter's hair, caught by the breeze, curled about her face most charmingly and it was no trouble at all to see, though she was dressed plainly, all in white, that she was a very pretty girl; a slight figure, graceful and tall, bending her well-poised head first to one side then to the other as she spoke to mother or to father. What a clear complexion she had, with just a blush in each cheek. About her neck was a string of small beads. A small gilt cross hung from the strand and lay on her bosom.

When the car stopped she helped her father and mother to alight, using the same care and gentleness that she had used in helping them to get on, and walking between them gave an arm to each on their way to the sidewalk.

"Did yez see that girl?" said a workingman on the rear seat. "Did yez see that colleen? That's the kind we have in Ireland, in County Clare."

"I hope," said a quiet man nearby, "that we may have many more like her in this country."

Eccentric Laws.

In Chicago recently an ordinance regulating the length of hatpins created much outcry, though the reason for objection is not clear to a mere man.

But Chicago women would doubtless start a revolution if they lived in Lucerne, where a law forbids wearing hats of more than eighteen inches diameter or the wearing of foreign feathers and artificial flowers.

If one wishes to wear ribbons of silk and gauze a license must be procured, which costs eighty cents a year.

Norway not long ago passed an act to the effect that any woman wishing to wed must first present to the authorities a certificate showing that she is competent in the arts of cooking, sewing, knitting and embroidery.

Germany has an intelligent and practical method of dealing with men who ill-treat their wives. Instead of sending them to jail for a continuous period, as is done in this country, and thus depriving the family of the man's wages for that time, the German offender is arrested on Saturday afternoon as he leaves his work and held in prison until time for work on Monday morning.

This plan is followed until he has served a number of days of his sentence. During the period in which the German offender spends the week-ends away from his home his earnings are handed over to his wife.

In Belgium they place a premium on marriage by allowing a married man two votes at an election, as against the single man's one. In Madagascar one must be a father or pay for the default. If a man is unmarried or childless at the age of 25 he must contribute $3.75 to the support of the State, and each woman who has remained single or is childless at 24 is taxed $1.80 per year.

In Austria a heavy fine is imposed upon any actor who wears a military or ecclesiastic costume on the stage. In Germany such costumes may be worn, but the actors will find themselves in a serious situation if they are not absolutely correct down to the last loop and button.

Sewing machine needles may be used much longer if when the points begin to get dull they are rubbed on a piece of emery board.

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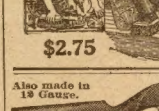

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A high color Brussels Rug, 9x12 feet, red rose design with either green or tan ground. No. CW 4692, Weight 23 lbs. Price, $11.95 $1.50 Cash and 75c per month

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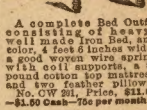
A complete Bed Outfit consisting of heavy well made Iron Bed, any color, 4 feet 6 inches wide, good woven wire spring with coil supports, a 50 pound cotton top mattress and two feather pillows. No. CW 291. Price, $11.65 —$1.50 Cash—75c per month



Full size one motion Collapsible Go-Cart, heavy rubber 14 in. tires, all steel frame, covering of fine leatherette. Black, dark green or tan. Body 25 ins. by 16 ins. Back construction. Back high, wide, easily adjusted. No. C. W. 116. Price $4.95, 75c Cash, 50c per Month.

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SPEAR & COMPANY, Department 94 Pittsburg, Pa.

FOR

YOUTHFUL EYES

MR. PORCUPINE.

"I really cannot tell you," said Mr. Porcupine,
"How very, very easily I get my food to dine.
I walk out into the orchard where the fruit is on the ground
And simply gather all I wish by rolling round and round.
There's really not a bit of use with gardening to grapple,
When one can just go out and get a porcupineapple!"

Weaving.

How do you suppose a piece of cotton cloth is made? It seems a wonderful thing when you come to think of it, that the soft down that is picked from the cotton plant (you have probably often seen it or pictures of it) can be transformed in the shortest kind of time into something so different as a new square handkerchief, but if you follow the process it is easy to see how it is accomplished.

First of all the cotton is picked and sent in great bales to the ginning mill. There the seeds are removed and the cotton is then sent to the factory. When the bales are opened and the cotton turned out it is full of dust and leaves and twigs, and so the first thing to do is to clean it. Great machines tear the tightly packed fleece apart and then the dust and dirt is blown out by other machines. Another set of machines treats it so that not a speck of dirt is left and the cotton comes out soft and white.

The next thing to do is to put it in some kind of order, for the tiny fibers—like little hairs—are jumbled together helter-skelter. Now, of course you know that the thing to do with jumbled hair is to comb it, and that is just what happens to the cotton. It is passed through great carding machines, which have huge rollers covered with little wire spikes set close together, and soon the little cotton fibers are lying side by side in a tidy fashion. Then they are rolled together till they form a thick soft rope so big that you could only just encircle it with your thumb and forefinger. But it is a soft rope and needs to be twisted up much tighter. In fact, it has to be doubled several times before it is thick enough to make even one thread. There are a number of machines that do this twisting and doubling, which change the ropes into fine cotton yarn. After that the spinning frame and spinning mule finish the work and turn out fine thread ready for weaving. In order to weave these threads into cloth some must be placed side by side to make the warp—the long threads—while the rest are wound into little bobbins which are thrown—by machinery, of course—through the warps and make the woof. Every second thread in the warp is fastened to a framework that can be raised, leaving room for the bobbin to fly through, carrying its thread. Then those threads are lowered and the other set raised so that the last thread placed by the bobbin is pressed tightly in place and space is left for the bobbin to fly back again. In the old days when all this was done by hand it took a good long time to weave a yard of cloth, but now one mill will turn out thousands of yards in a day.

A Snake Story.

Mr. Ditmars, who is the curator of the zoo in the Bronx park, New York, gave a lecture before a club some time ago. He lectured about snakes, and he had several subjects, much alive, to exhibit. None of them got away and all were safely returned to the suitcase in which Mr. Ditmars had brought them. One of the persons who had heard the lecture was Mr. DePeu, who could not wait long after the end of the talk because he had to catch a train. He waited as long as he could, then gathered up his overcoat and suitcase and ran for a cab. He had got on the train and was about to start on the journey when he opened the suitcase to get a book to read. He did not open it wide, because he heard a hissing and through the narrow slit that he had opened saw the eyes and the forked tongues of snakes. He closed the suitcase, and then nearly succumbed to heart failure. He does not like snakes.

Mr. DePeu understood at once what had happened. He had taken Mr. Ditmars' suitcase by mistake for his own. He left the train, got a negro porter from the station and sent the suitcase back to Mr. Ditmars' with a request for his own, which he assumed Mr. Ditmars had taken without, on his part, noticing the mistake any more than the first had been noticed. Mr. DePeu did not tell the porter what was in the suitcase. He knew better than that. Mr. Ditmars, however, wanted to play a little joke on the man, and so when his property had been returned to him, he raised the lid and showed the porter what was inside. The porter came nearer than Mr. DePeu had come to having heart failure. He refused to carry back the other suitcase until it had been opened and he had looked through everything inside without finding a sign of a snake.

Butterfly Game.

The 15th day of the second moon in China the feast of flowers is celebrated. The flowers in all the beautiful private gardens are so nursed as to arrive at a fair state of perfection at this time. The spring bloom is on the trees and the favorite willow with its weeping branches is at its best. In an open space in the garden poles like our maypoles are set up in a circle; these are hung with tiny wind bells, which give forth a sweet tinkling when they are stirred by the breeze, and with a variety of flags of different colors. In the center of the circle the game of butterflies is played.

Chinese girls and women with their shining black hair freshly dressed and wearing festive garments rich with embroidery arm themselves with fans and enter the charmed circle. Several butterflies that have been previously caught and prepared for the game are flying lazily about. To each one is attached a long, strong, black hair, which is weighted with a scrap of paper just heavy enough to prevent the butterfly from soaring out of reach. The players, shrieking with laughter, rush madly about in their efforts to catch the little creatures with open fans.

A Strange Playfellow.

Wolves carry off children out on the frontier of civilization sometimes, but in New York some children turned the thing around and came near carrying off the wolf. He was a big, gray wolf and he had been kept in a private menagerie in the suburb where the children live. Mr. Wolf got out of his cage and ran away and then he came on a group of children playing in the dust. Wolves like to play in the dust, too, and so this wolf was not at all offended when the children dragged him into their play. They thought that he was a street dog and he did not tell them what he really was. He let the children pull his tail and push him about and feed him candy and he was having a royal good time when his owner came along and captured him.

Cradle Song.

Here is a little cradle song the Italian mother sings when bedtime comes and the little ones are sleepy:

"A long one and a short one!
Do you wish me to tell you a long one?
This is the finger and this is the nail.
Do you wish me to tell you a short one?
This is the finger and this is the end of it."

Here is another short one:

"Once upon a time there was a king,
Who ate more than you;
He ate bread and cheese.
Pull, pull his nose."

Then the mother pulls the baby's nose.

What Lightning Did.

While a storm was going on in Connecticut lightning struck a bicycle that was leaning against a tree. The steel handlebars were torn from the frame and scraped along the tree trunk, removing the bark in a deep furrow. Then they were driven into the hole of the tree to a depth of several inches and wedged in tightly, though they seemed to be unbent by the work they had been put to.

Be jolly, but don't be jollied.

HANDSOME DINNER SET FREE

TO EVERY LADY READER!

Here is an opportunity whereby every woman in the United States can get a handsomely decorated and beautifully designed large Dinner Set *Absolutely Free.* All we ask is that you sell a few cans of our Perfection Baking Powder, and the Dinner set is yours. You can realize how easily and with what little effort you can do this, for a full size cut glass pattern pitcher and 6 glasses are included with each can of Baking Powder, etc., in our offer No. 420. But this is not all. To every lady who sends in her name and address, right away, we will give in addition, as a Special Premium, *Absolutely Free,* the handsome and durable 6-Piece French Grey Enamelware Set, described opposite, with first order. You can't realize what a big offer this is until you see these beautiful premiums.

6-Piece Enamelware Set—FREE

We are determined to push our Baking Powder to the front; and to get you to help us we will send with your first order this handsome French Gray 6-Piece Enamelware Set and it will not cost you a penny. Remember, we will send you the Enamelware Set in addition to Dinner Set. This Enamelware Set consists of 1 10-quart Dish Pan, 1 4-quart lipped Preserving Kettle, 1 8-quart Pudding Pan, 1 large Wash Basin, 1 4½-quart Dairy or Milk Pan, 1 large Flat Handle Dipper—6 pieces in all. We have but a few hundred of these Sets on hand, so we urge you to write quick if you want one.

No Money Necessary

You risk absolutely nothing. We will pay all freight charges and ship you the Baking Powder and send your premium with the Baking Powder, and also send Glass Pitcher and 6 Glasses, all together, and then

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